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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.

Army and Navy Boxing Championships at Aldershot. Special Photos Inside.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

At Birnham Junction, near Bognor, on the Brighton line, a particularly gallant action was performed last week by Mr. E. W. Chalmers Kearney, a young man living at Mysore Road, Lavender Hill. A large crowd was on the platform, which is very narrow and dimly lighted, and as a train was approaching, an unknown woman was forced to the edge and fell across the rails. The engine was only a short distance away, but Mr. Kearney, without a moment's hesitation, jumped on the line, seized the woman in his arms, and by sheer strength lifted her out of danger. He had barely time to escape himself before the train went past.

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A WEEK OF HORRORS.

The past week has truly been one of "battle, murder, and sudden death." Following on the declaration of peace between Russia and Japan, serious internal trouble has been prevalent in both countries. For some days the rioting in Tokio was very severe, and martial law had to be declared, but fortunately things now seem to be settling down to their normal state again.

With Russia, however, the terrors at Baku are almost as terrible as the war itself. The rebellion has evidently been long planned, and the Tartar insurgents are committing appalling destruction.

Mr. Urquhart, who acted as British Vice-Consul at Baku until two years ago—when the position was abolished—has been in the forefront in securing the safety of British subjects throughout the present crisis. He arranged for the colony to seek refuge on a steam yacht, and has been unremitting in his endeavours to obtain troops to relieve the little garrison of four who were surrounded in their hut eight miles away from Baku.

A few days ago Mr. Urquhart received news that the supplies of food and water were running low, and that if succour were much longer delayed the four Britons must perish. On Saturday morning Mr. Urquhart, with an escort, rode out of Baku with the determination to rescue his fellow-countrymen.

The gravest fears were entertained for his own safety, as it was known that he would never be turned back once having started out on the expedition.

The task which he unhesitatingly set himself on Saturday was to ride eight miles through the midst of thousands of armed and reckless Tartars and Armenians filled with the lust of blood and destruction.

A telegram briefly announcing the success of his mission has been received in London.

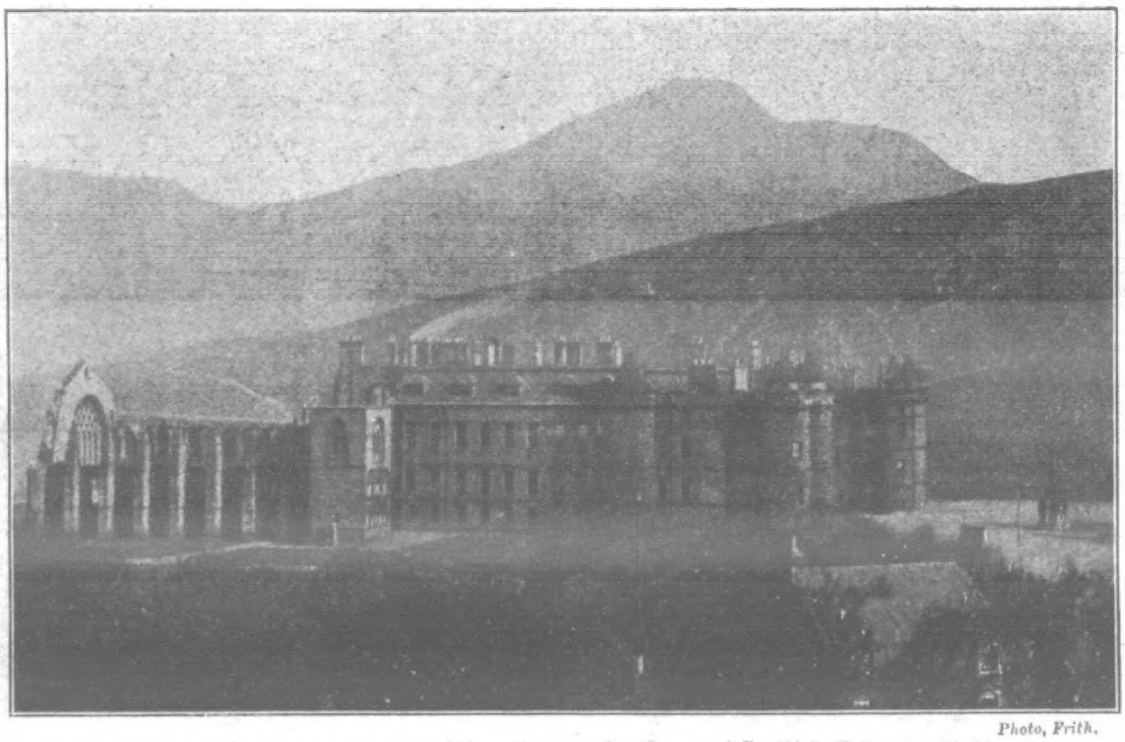
Another horror of the week is the fearful earthquake in Italy. At Reggio di Calabria two severe shocks were felt last Saturday, which have wrought havoc in the country, and caused great loss of life and property.

Advices from Catanzaro state that the condition of the province is becoming more and more desperate. All the villages in the province have been seriously damaged, and several have been destroyed. The victims in the province number 450 killed and 1,000 injured.

The situation at Marterano is distressing. A great number of people are buried beneath the ruins. A hundred corpses have already been removed. Two thousand persons are shelterless. Three thousand tents and other assistance have been despatched for their relief.

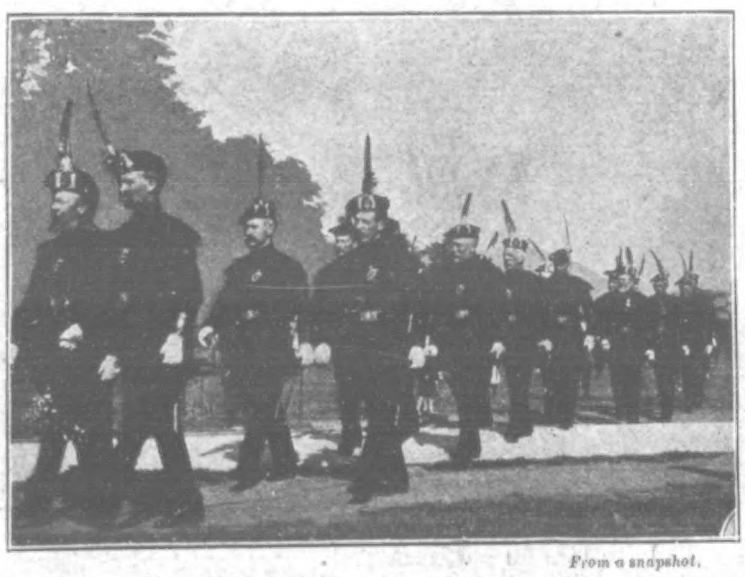
From a snapshot.

THE PIPERS OF THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS, the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, who will be in attendance on His Majesty at the review at Edinburgh next Monday.



Photo, Frith.

HOLYROOD PALACE, where the King will stay for the great Scottish Volunteer Review on Monday next.



From a snapshot.

THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS, the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, who will be in attendance on His Majesty at the review at Edinburgh next Monday.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

The Braemar Gathering took place last week. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Prince Alexander of Teck were present. The gathering proved to be as successful as any of the kind ever held. All the principal residents in the locality attended, and the meeting of the clansmen, with their varied tartans, made a spectacle splendid in its picturesqueness, while the bag-pipers and the soldiers who took part in the gathering completed the tableau and showed the Highlanders at their best. The approach of the clansmen was greeted with loud plaudits, and when Mr. Macintosh of the Duff men called for three cheers for the King the response was made in hurrahs which the hills around re-echoed.

Time was when these Highland gatherings were more or less completely local in their interest, and, indeed, it was difficult for any Southerner to obtain admission to the festivities connected with them. Now, however, the Braemar Gathering, the Northern Meeting at Inverness, and the Argyllshire Gathering bring to each of the districts of the Highlands crowds of visitors.

Every gathering has its characteristic feature; that which takes place at Oban, and which may be said to almost owe its being to the Campbell clan, headed by the Duke of Argyll, is noted for its musical competitions; that held at Inverness, and which all the chieftains of that part of Scotland make a point of attending, for its games; while the Braemar or Royal Gathering has always been noted for the wonderful dancing which has been from time immemorial a Highland accomplishment.

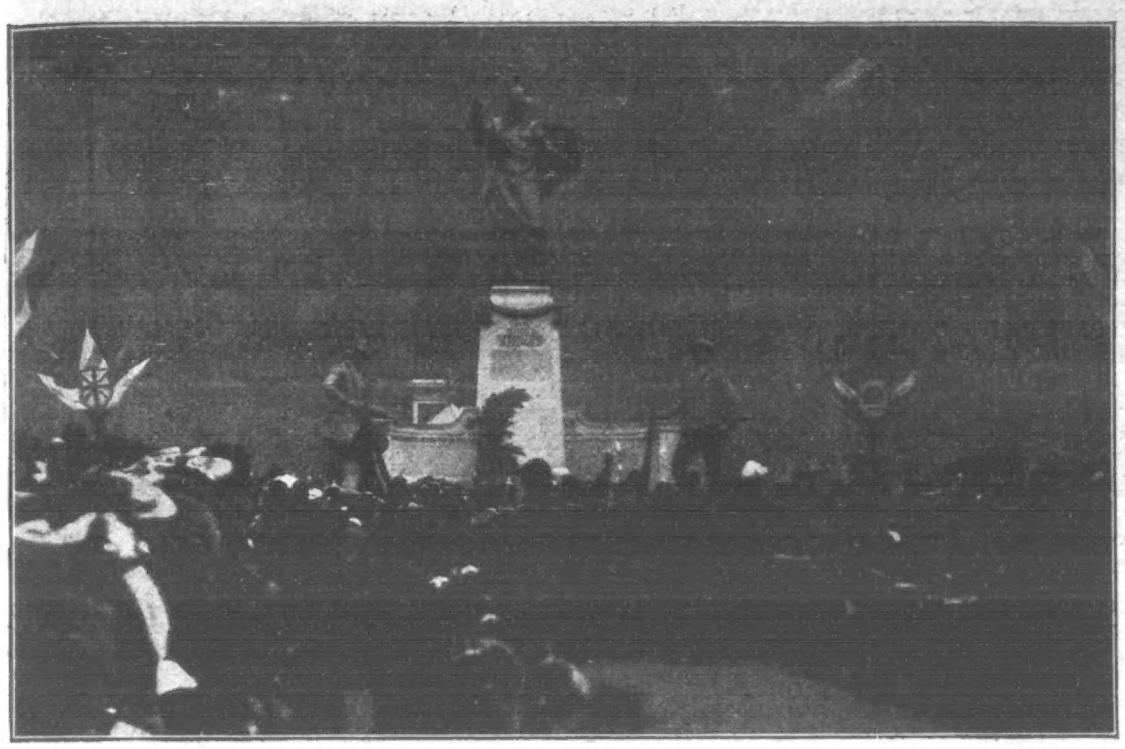
An interesting point concerning the clans are their distinctive badges. The Campbells wear the wild myrtle; the Drummonds, who boast of having the oldest badge, sport the wild thyme; the Frasers wear stuck in their bonnet a piece of yew; while the Macphersons, the Macintoshes, the Macduffs, the Farquharsons, and all those attached to the curiously-named parent clan known as the Clan Chattan have a piece of box as their badge; and the Mackenzies share with the Macleans a sprig of holly, while the Sinclairs have the typical Scottish gorse.

Recently an attempt has been made to revive the famous "war-cries" or rallying words of the clans. These in many cases recalled some native mountain or lake connected with the history or home of those who used the word with which to rush into battle. These battle cries are, of course, all Gaelic; but, curiously enough, tartan, which plays so great a part in the history of the Scottish Highland dress, is not a Gaelic word, and it may date only from the day when was drawn up the awful form of oath which, after the rising of '45, had to be taken by any Highlander anxious to benefit by the Act of Indemnity, and in which each man had to swear "to never use tartan plaid, or any part of the Highland garb." It is an interesting fact that many clans have the right to wear four or five different tartans, of which one, known as "the chief's tartan," may be worn only by the head of the family and by his heir.

The Braemar Gathering was for many years a favourite festival with Queen Victoria. It was one of the red-letter days of her life at Balmoral, and it must have been a very sad hour for her when, during those dark days of the war which preceded her death, she caused the fixture to be abandoned.

Photo, Park.

One of the ambulance dogs which will appear at the Scottish Volunteer Review. They have been trained by Major Richardson for finding wounded men in time of war. A number of these dogs were sent to Manchuria by request of the Russian Government, and proved themselves most useful. The most suitable type of dog for this work is the ordinary collie.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE LIVERPOOL WAR MEMORIAL to officers and men of the King's Liverpool Regiment who fell in Burma and South Africa. Unveiled by Sir George White, V.C., on Saturday last.

Gulls as Ocean Carriers.

Gulls are being trained at Toulon by M. Damarque for service as ocean carriers, as they can endure greater hardship than pigeons, who soon tire when flying over vast expanses of water. Two gulls were recently sent with messages from Tamaris, near Toulon, to Levant Island, about twenty-seven miles away. One bird was killed *en route* by a Customs official, the other was taken to Tamaris by a fisherman, who found it on the rocks with one of its thighs broken; but, notwithstanding these unlucky circumstances, M. Damarque proposes to renew the experiments with new birds. Pigeons, it is said, are all right on land, and can do as much as 248 miles easily. At sea, however, they are soon tired, and in stormy weather cannot be sent off. The gulls, on the other hand, are available for use in any weather.

Village Tragedy.

Roused by a woman who had seen "something" in the village pond (believed to be haunted), the inhabitants of Water Newton, Hunts, proceeded thither in the early morning and found a pair of legs, booted and stockinged, protruding from the water. Two men waded into the water to drag the "body" ashore. But there was a roar of laughter when the legs proved to be dummies—sticks for bones and hay for flesh. Two schoolboys were guilty of this grisly hoax.

Battle in Gaol.

There was a pitched battle in the gaol at Oporto, in Spain, last week.

Several prisoners were undergoing punishment in the courtyard for some offence against the regulations. The other prisoners, some 250 in number, were at work in the yard. One of them called for a rescue, and the gang at once broke into revolt.

They overpowered the warders in the yard, fastened the doors leading to the wards, and tore up the pavement of the yard. All day long they defended themselves with stones. The firemen were called out, and they deluged the men with water, without however, driving them from their barricades.

Finally a regiment of infantry forced the doors open, and charged into the mob with lowered bayonets. There was a furious fight, bayonets on one side, paving stones on the other, and before the troops could reduce the mob to order fifty soldiers and prisoners had been wounded.

Photo, Shaw.

Darby and Joan in real life: The oldest married couple in England, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Laurence, who have enjoyed 70 years of married bliss.

Old Man's Long Walk.

Mark All, an engineer, seventy-five years of age, who started from Fleet Street on August 6, 1900, to walk 60,000 miles in seven years, arrived in Birmingham last week from Worcester. He claims to have visited every town and village in Great Britain five times, to have tramped in France, Switzerland, Spain, Belgium, and Germany, and to have covered 40,000 miles.

"Humane" Lynchers.

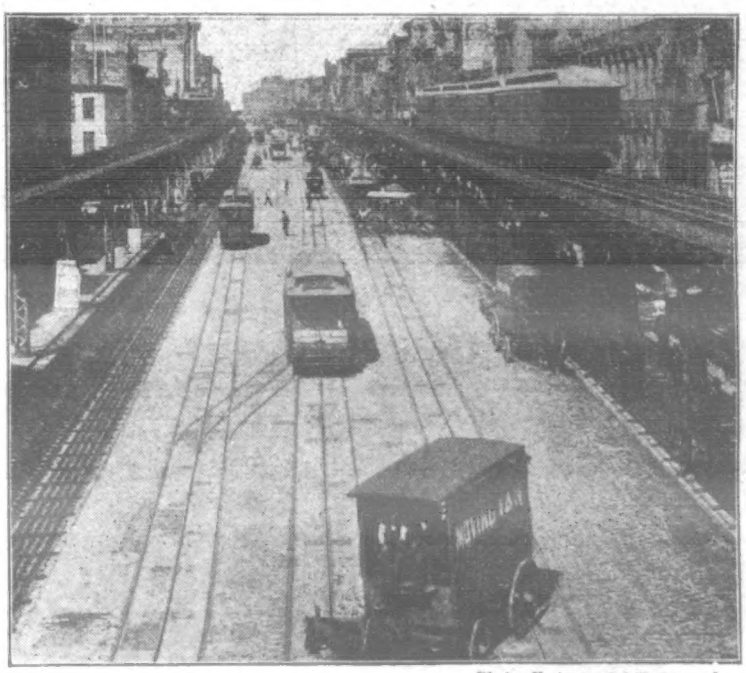
A negro, named Aron, who confessed to assaulting a white woman, has been burned at the stake near Howard, in the presence of several hundred persons, many of whom had come long distances to witness the execution. The roofs and porches of the farmhouses in the vicinity where the stake was set up were literally black with spectators. The victim was given two hours to prepare for death, and was subsequently granted a further hour's respite in order to give him an opportunity of saying "Good-bye" to his relatives, a telephone being placed at his disposal for the purpose. This is the third negro who has been burned to death in this part of Texas recently. Aron begged piteously not to be burned, but to be hanged or shot. The mob was divided on this question, and finally settled it by ballot, and the majority were in favour of burning. Aron then asked that his brother and sister, who lived eight miles away, be called up by telephone, so that he could bid them "Good-bye." The brother and sister pleaded with the mob not to lynch Aron until they arrived, and had a chance to see him for the last time. The mob gave them until eight o'clock to reach the scene. After this hour had passed, the mob, which had now increased to two thousand, fastened Aron to the stake, lighted the fire, and the usual horrible scene that attends these outrages was repeated.

Inheriting a Secret.

When Lord Glamis comes of age in a few days' time the secret of the "Haunted Room" at his ancestral home of Glamis Castle, Forfarshire, will be communicated to him by his father, the Earl of Strathmore. At least that is locally understood to have been an invariable practice on such occasions from time immemorial. What secret the "Haunted Room" conceals is supposed to be passed on to every heir as he attains his majority. Thus its precise nature is in the possession of never more than two persons at the same time. Conjecture and tradition say, however, that in the long ago, when the Lindsays and the Ogilvies were at feud, a number of the latter clan were imprisoned and died in that particular chamber. That the room has some uncanny peculiarities appears to be beyond doubt, for the late Lord Strathmore had it walled up after visiting the apartment one night to determine the origin of certain weird noises which, it is said, had for a long time disturbed and puzzled him. "The Earl opened the door with a key," wrote a correspondent to a Dr. Lee, "and dropped back in a dead swoon into the arms of his companions; nor could he ever be induced to open his lips on the subject afterwards." The experiences of a lady visitor at the castle are quoted in the "Haunted Homes and Family Legends." The lady was accompanied by her child, who slept in a dressing-room adjoining the apartment occupied by the mother. "Suddenly," so the story runs, "a cold blast stole into the lady's room, extinguishing the night-light by her bedside. She saw a tall mailed figure pass into the dressing-room. Immediately thereafter there was a shriek from her child who described what it had seen as 'a giant,' who came and leant over its face."

Wrecked in Mid-Air.

Ten people were killed and forty injured in a curious accident on the Ninth-avenue branch of the New York Elevated Railway last Monday. As a fast electric train, filled with workpeople and clerks, passed through the Fifty third-street junction, a switch was turned by mistake. The train was broken, and one of the heavy cars, toppling over into the street forty feet below, was crushed like an eggshell. The trains are hauled by heavy electric motors, the line being operated on the "third rail" system, and both motors and cars are almost identical with those being introduced on the Metropolitan and District Railways in London. Between seven and eight o'clock traffic is very heavy from the "up town" residential section to the business quarter in Lower New York. The trains are always crowded, they follow each other closely. A "down town" train, composed of five cars, the first containing a motor in the forward end, stopped at Fifty-ninth-street Station a few minutes before seven. It was a Ninth-avenue train, and the cars were so marked, but the disc lamps on the roof over the motor were, by mistake, those of a Sixth-avenue train. As the train swung out of Fifty-ninth-street, the motorman, believing he had a straight road to Forty-eighth-street Station, went ahead at full speed. As the train approached the Fifty third-street junction, the pointsman saw the disc lamps indicating Sixth-avenue, and pulled the switch accordingly, so that the train would swing into Fifty-third-street. The motor-carriage was passing over the switch when the pointsman was able to read the signs on the tops of the carriages, and saw to his horror that it was a Ninth-avenue train. Instantly he pulled the switch over, with the result that the last four cars kept to the Ninth-avenue rails. The strain broke the couplings between the first and second carriages. The second car was derailed, and shot off the structure into the street. For a moment it stood on one end, the passengers being thrown in a struggling mass at the bottom. The front end of the third car rested against the windows of an apartment house. The passengers smashed the windows of the house, leaped from the platform to the ledge of the second-storey windows, and thence into the rooms. Meanwhile every available ambulance was rushed to the scene, and the work of digging out the dead and dying was quickly done. Ten occupants of the second car were killed by the fall. One passer-by beneath was caught by the wreckage and likewise killed. A policeman on duty in the street was struck by a piece of iron and fatally hurt. Of the passengers rescued, eight are fatally injured, and about forty-two more or less seriously hurt.



Photo, Underwood & Underwood.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN MID-AIR: The scene of the calamity on the New York Elevated Railway, in which ten people were killed and forty injured last Monday morning.

Photo, Ward.

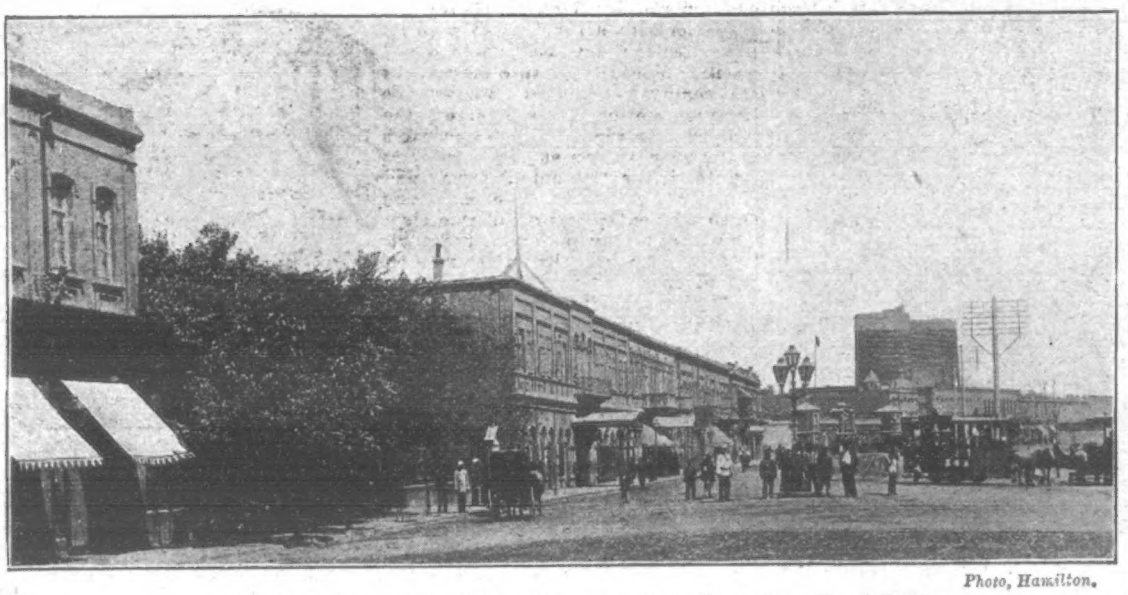
Statue of Sir Redvers Buller, unveiled at Exeter last week by the Lord-Lieutenant, Viscount Ebrington, in the presence of a great crowd from all parts of Devon.

£400 a Year in Tips.

More than 1,000 applications have been received for the vacant post of town hall keeper at Wandsworth. It is stated that the place is worth about £400 a year in gratuities, in addition to the salary and other emoluments.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: The Prince of Wales, with his children and the Duke of Connaught, watching the games from the Royal Pavilion.



Photo, Hamilton.

THE TROUBLE AT BAKU: The approach to the main quay at Baku.

An Ocean Romance.

In quite a romantic way Herr Wagner, of Luckenwalde, a young officer on board the Hamburg steamer *Axenfels*, has conquered the heart of a young lady. During the last voyage of the *Axenfels* from Rio to Hamburg the young officer made the acquaintance of a rich Brazilian mine-owner and his beautiful young daughter. One day, during a heavy sea, the waves carried the handsome daughter from the deck of the ship. Wagner, who was not far off, jumped after her, and by almost incredible strength kept the young lady above water until a boat could be lowered to rescue them. The grateful father presented the brave officer with a large diamond stud and a diamond ring; his daughter gave him her heart. The Hamburg Senate will award him the life-saving medal.

Convict's Adventures.

Among the next convoy of convicts to French Guiana will be a man named Joseph Sporn, the story of whose escape and recapture reads like a chapter from Gaboriau. Sporn was sentenced in 1896 to eight years' hard labour and twenty years' exile for theft. The year after his deportation to French Guiana he was cutting rushes by the riverside close to the penal settlement. He had gradually but unconsciously wandered out of sight of a warder, when he saw floating down the river the corpse of a dead sailor, who he knew had been murdered by some of his fellow-convicts a few days before. Sporn secured the corpse changed clothes, and sent it down the stream again, dressed in his convict garb. Then he made tracks towards the river's mouth. After some hours' hard running he saw a small Dutch steamer, and made desperate signs that he wanted help. A boat was put off, and he was taken on board, where in broken German he told the captain that he had been shipwrecked, and wanted to get back either to Holland or to Dutch Guiana. Sporn is an Alsatian by birth, and his dialect so deceived the captain that he landed him in Dutch Guiana. The convict then went to Venezuela, and became a servant in a clergyman's house. Amassing some money, he opened a stationer's shop, where he throve exceedingly. The craving for Paris life inherent in all Frenchmen brought about his downfall. He sold his business and sailed for Europe. He worked as a waiter at Ajaccio, in Corsica, and later at Marseilles. Then he returned diffidently to Paris. Nobody recognised him. The Paris detectives believed him to be drowned, and accordingly no watch had ever been kept for him. Two years ago Sporn, under the name of Andrieu, opened an office in the Rue Levis, and began to deal in stolen goods. His tricks attracted the attention of the police, and one day two detectives requested his company on a visit to the Prefecture to explain some rather shady transactions in which he had been involved. While he was waiting for an audience with M. Hamard, the chief of the department, a detective came in to report himself. The detective scrutinised the visitor after his usual habit, and remarked to a colleague: "I've seen that man before." Half an hour later "Andrieu" was again a prisoner. The detective had recognised him as Joseph Sporn, the man whom he had arrested nine years before, and whom he had seen shipped to French Guiana. Prints of his fingers were taken, and they coincided exactly with those of the escaped convict. Sporn, or Andrieu, has been locked up in the Sancy prison. In a few days he will leave again for the convict settlement from which he has enjoyed an eight years' holiday.

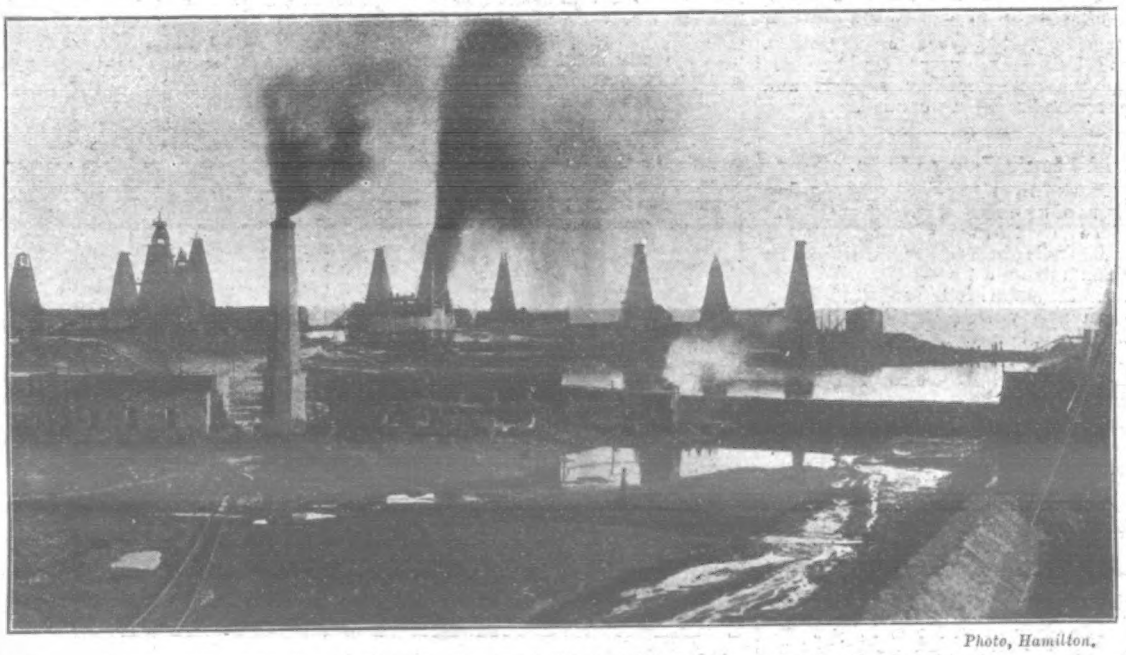
Back from the New World: Masters. Harry Hartley and Nicholas De La Mare, with their guide, who have returned this week from a tour in Canada and the U.S.A.

A Rule to Observe.

Make it a rule of your life never to borrow money in order to buy things that you can really do without. It is much better to wait until you have the money, and can then purchase with a clear conscience; you will value the article very much more in consequence.

Human Ostrich.

One of the most remarkable cases on record of a woman swallowing extraordinary articles with suicidal intent is reported by Mr. Harold H. R. MacLeod, surgeon of the Salop Infirmary. She was admitted to that institution, where first her thumb was amputated, and since then she had been much depressed, but was able to return home. She, however, became worse, and it was found she was suffering from an internal tumour. The patient, becoming alarmed at her condition, then admitted to her husband that three weeks before she had begun a system of swallowing various articles with suicidal intent, adding that "he was such a good husband to her she felt she could not do enough for him." She was operated upon, with the result that the following remarkable collection of articles were taken from her body: 32 hairpins, 19 nails 17 fragments of glass, 14 needles (darning and otherwise), 5 safety-pins, 4 horseshoe nails, 4 screws, 2 coins, 2 pieces of chalk, 1 hook The woman succumbed to the operation a few days afterwards.



Photo, Hamilton.

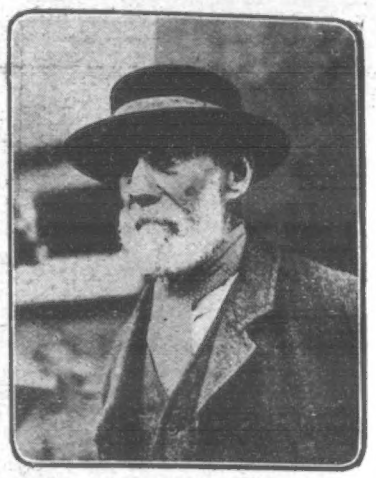
THE TROUBLE AT BAKU: The Bibi Eibat Oilfields set on fire by the insurgents.

Tattooed Thief.

The Berlin police have ordered from a Geneva photographer a number of copies of the portrait of a young woman, by which means they hope to capture a notorious thief named Giovanni Passi, on whose arm this woman's likeness is tattooed. The robbery of £2000 from a Russian visitor staying at an hotel at Wintergrün was brought home to Passi by the statement of a waiter that the head of a young woman was tattooed on the arm of the man suspected of the crime. Passi, who is about sixty years of age, has achieved European notoriety as an expert thief. Single-handed, and armed only with a revolver, he has held up trains in Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Norway, Belgium, and other countries, each time escaping with valuable booty. It is, however, as a pickpocket that Passi excels. About a year ago Passi fell desperately in love, in Paris, with a handsome young actress, with whom he subsequently lived in Geneva, entertaining lavishly, and making trips in the vicinity in their gorgeous motor-cars. Passi's infatuation for the girl led him to have her likeness tattooed on his arm. He has a commanding presence, and has successively passed himself off as Prince von Buelow, Count Herbert Bismarck, Jean de Reszke, and the Duke of Orleans.

Pauper Who Claims £10,000.

William Day, aged seventy-one, will shortly leave the Greenwich Workhouse to try to establish his claim to an estate worth £10,000 in Carlow, Ireland. He has the full consent of the guardians, who are giving him a suit of clothes such as befits his station as claimant to a fortune. The case has been investigated by the clerk to the board of guardians, who thinks that Day's claim, on the evidence, is certainly worth going into. Mr. Day is an old gymnastic instructor, and was born in 1834 in the East-End of London. His grandmother owned the estate to which he now lays claim. During her lifetime, Day's mother and her brothers and sisters received allowances, which stopped on her death. Trustees administered the property, but for some reason there was a difficulty about the succession of division. The grandmother's children, including Day's mother, are now all dead, and Mr. Day, as the eldest surviving grandchild, is now the next-of-kin. He has been collecting evidence for the last three years, but his baptismal certificate cannot be found, and he has no birth certificate, as he was born before the days of compulsory registration. This case recalls the claim made last year by Mr. George A. G. Meredyth, who claimed to be the heir to the Meredyth baronetcy. Mr. Meredyth, who is seventy-four years of age, has played many parts. Beginning life as a shoemaker, he has been a stoker, a storeman, and a policeman, acting in this latter capacity for fourteen years. Lately he has earned his living as a cabman. It is to be hoped that both claimants will succeed in obtaining their due, but so often these romantic claims, which begin with a flourish of trumpets, end in bitter disappointment, and the heroes of them vanish from the public ken.



Photo, Park.

Workhouse Heir: William Day, aged 71, who claims an estate in Ireland worth £10,000.

Flying Fish in British Waters.

A flying fish of fifteen inches, with pectoral fins eight inches in length, has been caught off Queenborough by Leigh (Essex) fishermen. Though common enough in the tropics, flying fish are seldom seen in British waters.

Man Who Stole a Street.

Some particularly daring and ingenious thefts have recently been carried out in Budapest under the very noses of the police, who are now, when it is too late, searching in vain for the perpetrator. His first exploit was to carry off all the granite blocks with which a side street in Budapest was paved. He appeared one day with some carts and a number of workmen, told the policeman on duty that he was a municipal contractor who had the order to repave the street, and requested him to keep a sharp eye on the workmen to see that they did not appropriate any of the stones for themselves. The imposition was only discovered when the street had been unpaved for some days. Another time this hero netted all the fish in the lake of the Stadwaldchen Park, also with police assistance. He gave himself out as the new lessee of the fishing. His latest exploit was the most daring of all. He stole a summer villa from the wooded hills near Budapest. Again he appeared as a contractor, informed the people of the district that the owner of the villa had decided to have it removed, and then packed up and carted away, not only the furniture, but the whole of the villa, which was built of wood. The authorities have no clue to the thief.

Photo, Park.

BOY BARBERS AT THE L.C.C. SCHOOLS IN SHILLINGTON STREET, BATTERSEA: The scholars are being trained in the art of hair-cutting, having to perform on their school-fellows. The local barbers do not appreciate the competition.

Photo, Park.

LONDON'S "MERCURIES" BY THE SEA: District Messenger Boys' Annual Camp at Felixstowe.

Aeronauts' Fight for Life.

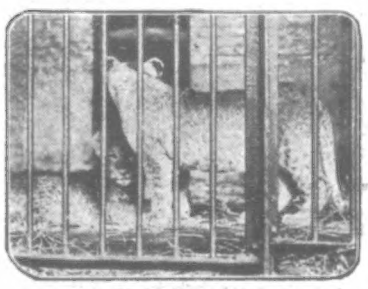
Two aeronauts had a battle for life last week 2,000 feet in the air, near Baltimore, Maryland, and one of them met with a terrible end. His name was John August, and he had been giving a performance on a trapeze attached to a balloon. Ten thousand spectators stood spellbound to see the man hanging by his arms from the trapeze as the balloon ascended. Suddenly cries of horror broke from them. August was seen vainly trying to draw himself up and to throw one leg over the bar. After several desperate efforts August lost his hold of the bar and fell a distance of 2,000 feet to the ground. His legs were amputated as if cut by a knife, and his body was fearfully crushed. The other accident, which fortunately was without fatal result, occurred at Paterson, New Jersey. Mr. George Hamilton, the successor to "Professor" Baldwin, who was blown to pieces by dynamite during an ascent at Ohio recently, ascended in the motor airship known as the Californian Arrow. At a height of 1,000 feet the motor refused to work. The airship ascended another thousand feet while Hamilton vainly tried to effect repairs. He endeavoured to open the air-valve, but failed, owing to the cord breaking. Hamilton then climbed into the rigging and punctured the balloon with a knife. The puncture became enlarged, letting the gas escape so rapidly that the aeronaut was in danger of being dashed to death. Climbing into the rigging again he held the flaps of the tear together to prevent the gas escaping too fast. The airship struck a tree, which lessened the shock of the fall and prevented the aeronaut receiving fatal injuries.

Wild Beasts for the King.

Two lion cubs have just been added to the Zoological Society's collection. They are a present from the Shehu of Bornu to King Edward. They are in splendid condition, and have been housed in a cage in the lion house.

In the course of his career King Edward has given away many hundreds of quadrupeds and bipeds. On his return from India, nearly thirty years ago, he deposited a collection of no fewer than 150 living specimens in the London Zoological Gardens, and within a couple of months of his accession the Regent's Park menagerie profited by the addition of sixteen fine examples of wild animals from Windsor.

It has been a tradition with African potentates to offer gifts of animals to the kings of other Continents ever since the days of the Queen of Sheba. From the beginning to the end of her reign Queen Victoria received gifts from this source from time to time. It was the late Sultan of Zanzibar who chose as his offering a lion and lioness, with a litter of cubs. Towards the end of her life her Majesty received from Menelek of Abyssinia a fine pair of Grévy zebras, and both these tributes went to the Zoo. In honour of the Coronation of King Edward, the same burly king sent to London a gift of the same kind, comprising not only a magnificent zebra but also some young lions.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The two lion cubs sent to the King by the Shehu of Bornu, Northern Nigeria, which his Majesty has presented to the Zoo. The little animals, which have just arrived, are six months old and very playful.

A Race for a Liner.

Last week witnessed a race against time that will rank in autocar records, and says much for the courage and tenacity of purpose of two American ladies.

Mrs. J. R. M. Dillon and her mother were to go to Cherbourg from Paris by express train from the Gare St. Lazare. Mr. Dillon and his children preceded them to the station and boarded the train all right. The cabman engaged by the ladies drove them in the meantime to the Gare du Nord, thinking they wanted the London boat-train.

When the situation dawned on Mrs. Dillon she drove with her mother in all haste to the Gare St. Lazare, only to find the Cherbourg express gone. She offered to charter a special train, but it could not be prepared inside an hour.

Somebody then suggested to the American lady to hire the Mercédès motor-car which carries newspapers to the sea coast in two hours or so. Mrs. Dillon took the hint, and drove to the Mercédès establishment, but was coldly received there by the manager, who said that he only sold machines.

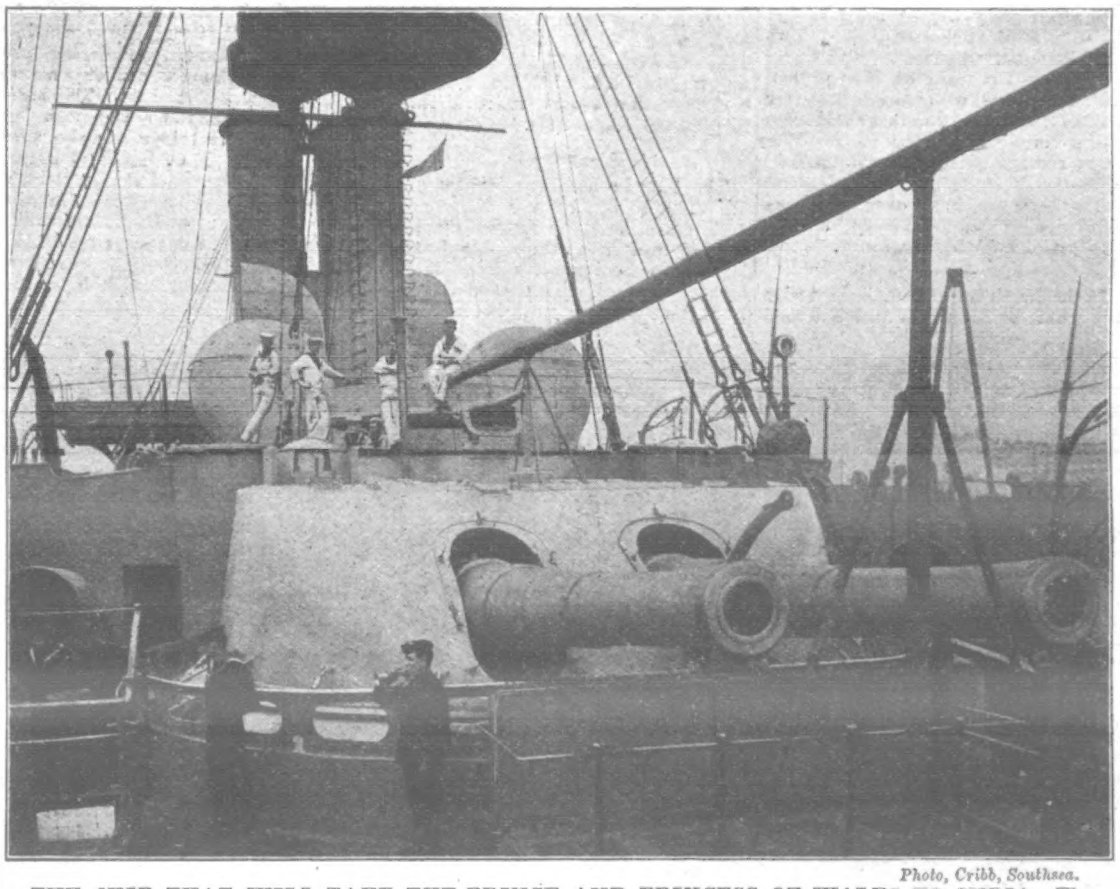
Mrs. Dillon wept, and the manager relented when he heard her story. The 40-h.p. machine was ordered out, the ladies went on board, and at half-past twelve in the afternoon they were flying from Paris at a terrific rate, piloted by another car, which rushed on in a fearful storm of wind and rain. Cherbourg, which is distant from the metropolis 217 miles, was reached at five minutes past six o'clock in the evening.

The liner *St. Louis* was still in the roadstead, and the ladies were carried on board almost exhausted after the tremendous and exciting run. The Mercédès had done the journey in a little over five hours, with one stop for petroleum.

This is by no means the only record of a race to catch a liner. Some few months ago, just before the West Indian liner *Orinoco* cast off at Southampton, a lady's-maid remembered that a bag containing her mistress's jewels had been left at the station hotel. An appeal made to the captain to delay the liner was ineffectual, and the lady was forced to leave without her trinkets.

Offered handsome sums to overtake the *Orinoco*, various tug-masters sadly shook their heads. Fortunately the motor-boat *Napier Minor* came alongside the quay, and a gentleman who had fetched the jewel case from the hotel, having explained the situation to her commander, was taken aboard the smart little craft, and started in pursuit of the *Orinoco*, which by this time was out of sight.

The chase was a long one, the liner being off Cowes when the *Napier Minor* ranged alongside. A rope was thrown over, the bag fastened to it was hauled aboard, and, amid the cheers of the passengers, was restored to its owner.



Photo, Cribb, Southsea.

THE SHIP THAT WILL TAKE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO INDIA: The barbette guns, which are the only big guns remaining on H.M.S. "Renown," all the others having been removed in preparing the ship for the Prince and Princess.

Photo, Fradelle & Young.

Colonel F. Meyer Wardrop, C.B., hero of Abu Klea, and a great social favourite, who committed suicide.

Then again races innumerable, on both sides of the Atlantic, took place in connection with Lady Curzon's recent critical illness.

Lady Curzon's mother, for instance, Mrs. Leiter, and her sister Anna, raced by special train from Denver in Colorado to Chicago upon the cabled accounts of the patient's critical condition. The journey of 1,000 miles from Chicago to New York was made in like manner. At New York instructions had been received to detain the liner *Lucania* at any cost. But this was impossible, as she carries mails, and it was found impossible to detain the *New York* for the same reason. The *Vaderland*, however, of the Red Star Line, was held up by Mrs. Leiter's agents.

Even the *Vaderland* was just pulling out when Mrs. Leiter's carriage dashed down to the dock.

The engines were reversed, the gangway was thrown across while the *Vaderland* was still on the move, the travellers were hustled on board, and two minutes later the liner steamed away, with an arrangement for Mrs. Leiter to be informed of the patient's progress during the voyage by means of wireless telegraphy.

The list of special trains was not ended, however, even here, for when the mother and daughter landed at Dover there was a special train waiting to take them to Walmer Castle.

This wild rush across America for the European steamer recalls another race across the Atlantic four years ago. Within a few hours of an American lady's departure for Europe on board the *Majestic* her son was drowned in New York. Thereupon her husband promptly embarked on the *Deutschland* to overtake his wife and break the news of their bereavement to her. The German liner's speed was superior to that of the White Star boat, though leaving a day later, and a special train from Plymouth to Liverpool deposited the American there an hour before the *Majestic* with his wife reached port.

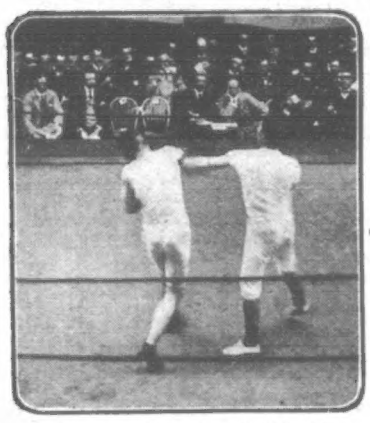
A CHINESE COOLIE RIOT: Five natives were shot at Amoy the other week, and a number of arrests were made in connection with a serious outbreak of rioting among the coolies in the town. Armed with stones and brickbats, they proceeded to attack the Foreign Custom House. The place was defended by native soldiers who fired blank cartridges at the mob. This had no effect, and the rioters proceeded to wreck the harbour-master's office. They smashed up the gigs, tore down the Chinese flag, and threw it into the sea. A riot of the kind had been anticipated, and H.M.S. "Iphigenia" had been despatched to Amoy in view of such a contingency. Soon after the coolies broke loose an armed force was landed. The sailors fired on the mob, which quickly dispersed, after several coolies had been wounded and others captured.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

Doubtless the torrents of rain that fell all over the country last Saturday had much to do with the many extraordinary results which were seen in the various League games. For instance, in the ten matches in the first division of the League, only three home teams won, and even in one of these cases luck entered largely, for Aston Villa only beat Sunderland by 2—1 through a penalty kick. Garratty obtained both goals for the Villa, and Bridgett the one for Sunderland.

The widest margin in the series was at Manchester, where the City



Photo, Knight, Aldershot.

Army and Navy Boxing Championships at Aldershot: Pears beating Lindsay in the Officers' Middle-weights.

scored five times without reply from Notts Forest. It was a bad day for Nottingham, for while the Foresters were being so soundly drubbed, Notts County could do no better on their own ground than make a draw of 3 goals each with Bolton Wanderers. The County, however, should have won, for Green missed a penalty kick, and Dean (who had previously scored twice) allowed a fine opportunity to slip.

Woolwich Arsenal gave Sheffield United a better game at Bramall Lane than they did last season, but the United are hard to beat at Sheffield, and, well as the Arsenal played, they performed better, their victory of 3—1 being well merited. Perhaps the Arsenal will retaliate when the United visit Plumstead. The "Reds" have not shaken down yet, and there is a fund of good material at Woolwich. Stoke's feat in beating the Wanderers at Wolverhampton was distinctly meritorious, and the "Potters" actually headed the League list on Saturday night, though, of course, the positions at present are not reliable as guides to form. Derby County also won away from home, Richards scoring the only goal for them in their game with Middlesbrough.

As good a performance as any was that of Birmingham City. Our old friends from Small Heath bearded Newcastle in their Tyne-side "den," and succeeded in dividing the points, two goals being registered by either side. When we reflect on the extreme difficulty of beating the Novocastrians on their own enclosure, the value of the draw to Birmingham City is almost immeasurable. Two goals each was also the result of the Bury *v.* Sheffield Wednesday game on the "Shaker's" ground; and another draw was recorded at Preston, where the North End had the mortification of seeing Derbyshire, one of their backs, place the ball through his own goal, and so equalise the point that Bond had previously obtained against Everton. In the remaining game, Blackburn Rovers readily disposed of Liverpool, the visitors to Ewood Park succumbing by 3 to 1.

In the second division two London clubs were interested for the first time. Chelsea went to Blackpool and won by a goal, but Clapton Orient had the reverse experience, for Hull visited Homerton and took the only goal of the game. But on the run of the play the "O's" were unlucky to lose. Another single goal victory was seen at Grimsby, the Town Club going down before Manchester United. Two more one-goal wins were respectively gained by Bradford at Burton and by Burnley, who defeated Leicester Fosse. Bristol City defeated Glossop 2—1; Burslem got the better of a heavy scoring game with Chesterfield by 4—3; West Bromwich Albion beat Leeds 2—0; Barnsley overcame Lincoln by 4—2; and Gainsboro' made a pointless draw with Stockport.

In the Southern League the best wins were those of Brentford and Fulham. The former had tough and seasoned rivals in Reading. It was a very fine game, and within a quarter of an hour from the finish it looked any odds on the men from the biscuit town. However, Brentford pulled themselves together in the closing stages, and literally pulled the match out of the fire by 2 to 1. Fulham's performance was also a most meritorious one, for they beat Swindon away from home by 4—1.

Tottenham Hotspurs just got the better of Watford by one to *nil*, and Millwall proved too good for West Ham United by a similar margin. Another good win was that of Bristol Rovers, who, on New Brompton's ground, beat the Kent team 3—0. A capital performance was that of Luton, who showed signs of returning vitality by scoring 4 goals against 1 by Brighton and Hove Albion; and Plymouth Argyle went to Northampton and defeated the town club by 4 goals to 1. Southampton and Portsmouth could only draw their matches, the first named with Norwich City at Norwich, and "Pompey" with Queen Park Rangers at home.

Several of the Rugby clubs in the west have made a start, but metropolitans have yet to commence. One interesting feature is, of course, the visit of the New Zealanders. They play all the leading clubs in the membership of the Rugby Union, as well as the Universities, and they have also international fixtures with all four countries. They have been training at Newton Abbott, and open their tour with a match against Devon.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

Despite the unfavourable weather, there was a fairly large gathering at Kennington Oval to witness the Autumn Meeting of the South London Harriers. It speaks well for the love of sport, when nearly 3,000 people can be found to pay to stand in the wet. There was another 1,500 more fortunately provided with stand tickets, so that the crowd reached fairly respectable dimensions.

The 100yds. handicap was won by W. C. Whiting, of the St. Bride's A.C. He had the useful start of 10yds., and all the placed men but one were leniently treated. F. Habart, Three Banks A.C., was second from the 9½yds. mark, and J. A. Wells, Reading A.C., took the third prize. His start was 4½yds., and the winner did 10⅘sec.

The Scottish champion, J. P. Stark, may be considered a most unlucky runner. He ran second to Morton in the Championship at Stamford Bridge, and several times afterwards filled that position behind the champion in scratch races. Last Saturday, with Morton out of the way, it was thought that his turn had come, but he was beaten by H. Watson, of the S.L.H., in 10⅘sec.

Of course, Alfred Shrubb won the three miles level race. It is surprising what a number of prizes the Championship class have had presented to them. We had to run for them in my day, and if we got a "pot" we deserved it, for we were not treated to the luxury of scratch races. However, some folks appear to be content to see a Champion lob along in front of a few second raters, nowadays.

A half-mile cycling handicap was won by P. Beran, Putney A.C., and the mile flat by W. Willis, of Windsor. The S.L.H. secured the relay race from their old rivals of Blackheath; and the West of Scotland Harriers filled the third position. J. P. George has already displayed good form this season, and he won the 220yds. scratch race very readily from the winner of the shorter event, H. Watson.

In the one and a half miles walking race the victor turned up in W. Clark, of the Hampstead Harriers. The two miles "Devil-take-the-Hindmost" Bicycle race was won by S. W. Lack, the Cambridge rider, with H. N. Edwardes, of the Merton Park and Balham clubs, second. The 300yds. open handicap on the flat was secured by J. A. Wells, who had previously gained third prize in the sprint.

The Great Eastern Railway meeting at the Essex County grounds, Leyton, was spoilt by the rain, and only about 1000 spectators turned up. The half-mile cycle handicap was won by A. H. Neave, Cambridge, and the mile on wheels by J. O. Ladds, of Peterborough. A. Ayres, of the St. Bride's A.C., passed the judges first in the open 100yds., and G. H. Hawkins, St. Bride's A.C., was successful in the quarter. The Obstacle Race was taken by S. Dyer, and A. W. Grubb, of the Highgate pack, won the mile flat race.

The N.C.U. Championships were to have been decided at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, but owing to the wretched weather, no racing was possible. The decision was only arrived at after waiting until four o'clock. The meeting will be held on the Crystal Palace track on Thursday September 21, when the "Turner Cup" London Club Championship final between the Putney and Paddington clubs, and the London Centre 10 miles Championship, will be decided, as well as a couple of handicaps.

CRICKET.

With the finish of their match with the South of England at Hastings the Australians completed their programme. So far as concern the test games—the play in which is supposed to be the primary object of the visit—they have had a disastrous experience, and the "ashes" remain in the Mother Country. But, while even Australians admit that the England teams have been superior, it must not be forgotten that the fortune of the toss, and luck generally, was against the Colonials. Still they have a potent healer for their sorrows inasmuch as they will have a very substantial sum—rumour says it runs into five figures—to cut up among them.

There were some disappointments, notably the partial loss of form by Victor Trumper, and the failure of Cotter to fulfil expectations, though just at the close of the tour he got wickets rather readily. Trumper, by the way, did not play in the final match, as he left England with his wife on Monday evening.

GOLF.

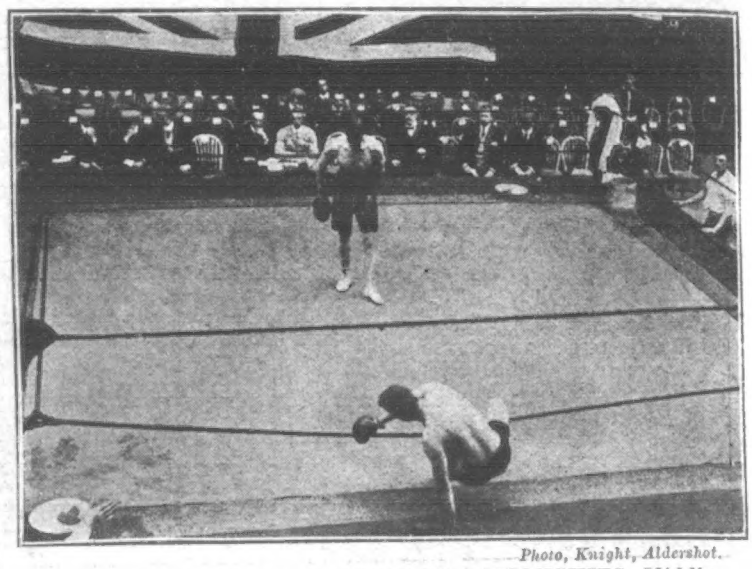
That golf is still growing in public favour was very evident from the big crowds that attended the various stages of the international foursome, in which H. Vardon and Taylor represented England while Braid and Herd endeavoured to uphold the traditions of Scottish golf. Never was, there a more important golfing event, and it is fairly safe to say that never was more excitement shown. The match was for £200 a side and the stakes went to the Englishmen, who won, last Saturday, by 13 up and 12 to play.

At the end of the first stage, which took place at St. Andrews, the Scots were 2 up, but at Troon the Englishmen played with such dazzling brilliancy that they not only rubbed off the lead of Braid and Herd, but established an advantage of 12 up. This was reduced to 7 up at St. Annes, but last Saturday, at Deal, the Scots were again outplayed, and they were easily defeated. Taylor's putting was magnificent, while Vardon was seen to splendid advantage in the long game.

SWIMMING.

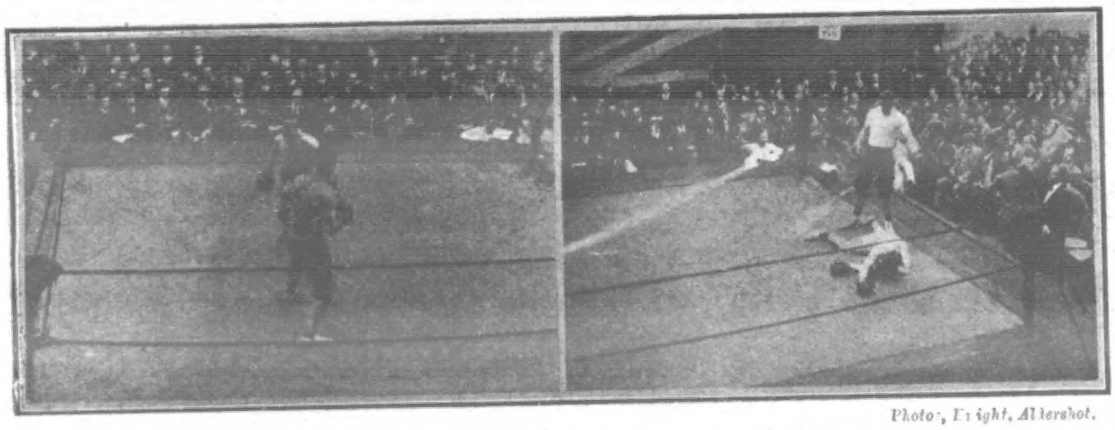
Among the great events of the year the mammoth swimming competition on the Seine must be given a prominent place. Over 800 entered for the contest, and, of course, eliminating trials had to be made to sift the wheat from the chaff. The final was the greatest sporting event ever seen on the Seine, and about 100,000 people crowded along the banks of the famous French river to witness the race, which, I understand, is likely to become an annual one. Billington, of Bacup, was fancied by the English division, but he had to give up, when looking an easy winner, owing to the vagaries of his boatmen, who could neither row properly nor understand Billington's requirements as they could not speak English. Perhaps Billington was to blame in not getting better attendants, but that is another story. He was a thousand yards ahead when he gave up. "Joey" Nuttall also failed to stay the course in consequence of cramp, and Polliton and Bougouin only went three miles. The winner turned up in the veteran Paulus, who swam the seven and a half miles, between the Pont National at Bercy to Auteuil, in 3hr. 29min. 58sec. Monty Holbein, Miss Kellerman, and Burgess were well behind the Frenchman, but all got unstinted applause, and one account states that during Sunday evening the Australian young lady received three offers of marriage, which she refused.

Mentioning these names naturally makes one turn to the attempts made to swim the Channel. Burgess is absolutely indefatigable, and, but for being stung severely by jelly-fish on Tuesday, he would probably have achieved his object. Another aspirant for Channel honours is Jacob Woolf, who is a marvellously fine athlete. I am assured by a friend



Photo, Knight, Aldershot.

THE ARMY AND NAVY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS: Middle-weights—Roberts knocks Jeffs over the Ropes.

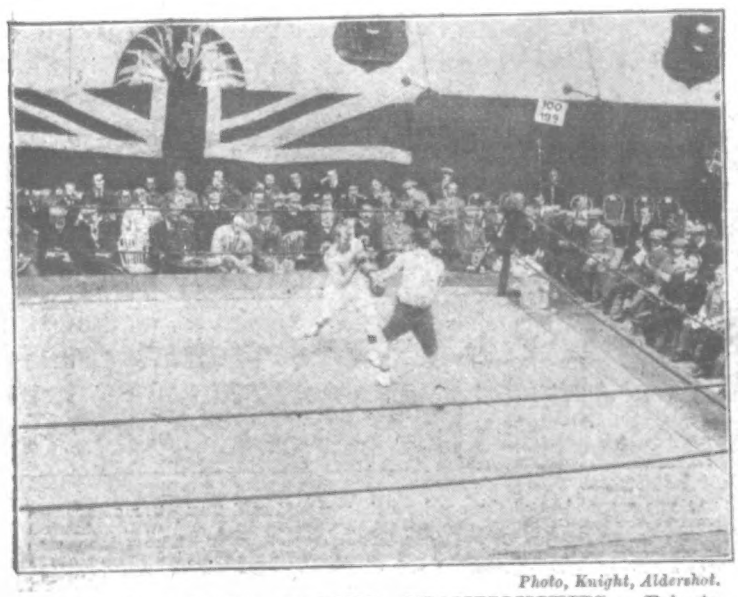


Photo, Knight, Aldershot.

ARMY AND NAVY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Able Seaman Moriarty wins the Men's Light Weights after a brilliant and plucky fight.

Lieutenant Craven, of the Royal Horse Artillery, wins the Officers' Heavy Weights.



Photo, Knight, Aldershot.

ARMY AND NAVY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS: Private Berry, of the Hussars, wins the Feather Weights. After an extra round with Bourne he just won on points.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Trotting Match at Southend in connection with the opening of the Kursaal by the Earl De La Warre.

Photo, Bowden.

SOUTH LONDON HARRIERS AT THE OVAL: The finish of the hundred yards open handicap.

of mine that Woolf will make an attempt next year, and that he will succeed.

Some interesting competitions were decided last Saturday in England, the chief of which was the Otter S.C.'s. race, at Brighton. It should have been swum in the sea, but rough weather prevented this, and a 440yds. race in a bath was substituted. R G. Cohen, who received 7sec. start, won from 23 other competitors. At Brighton, too, the home club beat the Cygnus by a goal to none.

The Race for the St. Leger.

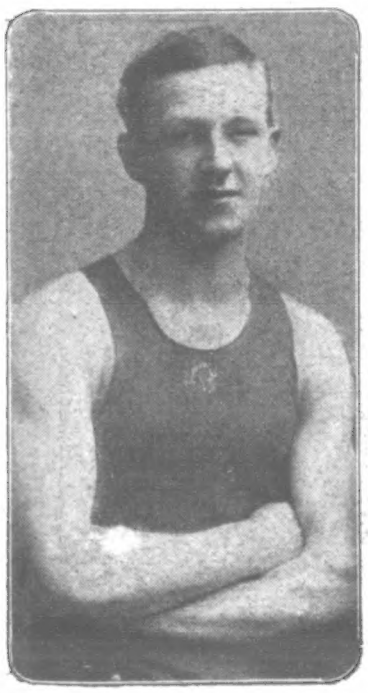
On Wednesday last the great international contest at Doncaster for the St. Leger race took place amid greater excitement than the contest has aroused for years.

Never was there a more popular race than the St. Leger, or a prize more eagerly sought after by racehorse owners. One fortunate person, Lord Archibald Hamilton (afterwards Duke of Hamilton), won it no fewer than seven times, and several names figure in the list of winners two or three times. Just a century ago the eccentric Colonel Mellish, then at the zenith of his meteoric career, won two years running, in 1804-1805. He finally died almost a pauper.

In the good old days of rattling wheels and flying greys the Doncaster meeting had a picturesqueness which is certainly wanting now. Modern Doncaster is businesslike in its sport, and cares nothing for display, but in the middle of the eighteenth century each Earl of his day rode on the course in a magnificent coach drawn by six bays, which were decorated with orange-coloured favours and rosettes and mounted by outriders, and behind this equipage came a long cavalcade of tenantry on horseback.

"Pinks" and "Canaries."

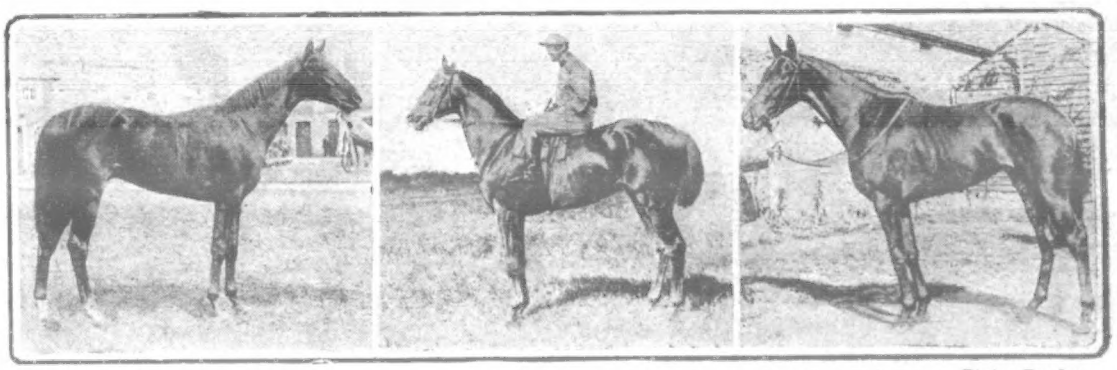
The man in the street who does not peruse the football columns of the daily press would, no doubt, be much surprised to learn that the Dockers had beaten the Saints at the great winter pastime, says the writer of an interesting article in the *Daily Mail*. But to your average Southern football enthusiast, and his name is legion, these somewhat cryptic statements would present no difficulty whatever. As a matter of fact, almost every important club has had a nick-name bestowed upon it by its enthusiastic followers. The staple industry of the town accounts for the name given to several Southern League teams. Hence we have Reading known as the "Biscuit Boys" or the "Biscuiteers," Luton as the "Strawplaiters," Northampton as the "Cobblers," and Swindon as the "Railway Men" or the "Signalmen." The majority of the London clubs have familiar nicknames. The "'Spurs" became quite a household word when Tottenham Hotspur won the English Cup. The name is, of course, an abbreviated form of Hotspur, but the use of the latter word in the title of the club is not so easy of explanation. The club dates back a good many years, and in its amateur days its headquarters were at a ground called Northumberland Park. It is believed that the great Northumberland family of the Percys, known in history as the Hotspurs, were connected with the district, and hence the name of the ground and club. Woolwich Arsenal, the only First League club in London, are known as the "Gunners" from their association with the local arsenal, and also as the "Reds" from the colour of their shirts. On the other side of the river, Millwall, with a ground in the midst of the docks, are naturally given the title of the "Dockers." Fulham get the name of the "Cottagers" from their ground (now one of the finest in the country), which has for many years been called Craven Cottage. West Ham are known everywhere as the "Hammers," while the initial letter in the name of Brentford has provided the title "Bees" or "Busy Bees." Similarly, Clapton Orient, one of the latest additions to the ranks of professional League clubs, are styled the "O's." Southampton, for several years Southern League champions, are known as the "Saints," a title which has stuck to the club since the old days when it was called Southampton St. Mary's, owing to its original association with a local church. The old name given to the town of Portsmouth by sailors accounts for the Portsmouth club being called "Pompey," while the colour of the club shirts explains the alternative nickname, the "Pinks." Plymouth Argyle are known as the "Pilgrims" from the association of the Pilgrim Fathers with the Devonshire seaport, and also as the "Dandies." Norwich City, the latest addition to the ranks of the Southern League, are already designated the "Canaries."



Mr. F. V. Swift, captain of the English Water-Polo Team. He is only twenty-one years of age.

England's Water-Polo Captain.

We give this week a portrait of the captain of the English Water-Polo Team that will meet Wales at Bradford on September 30. F. V. Swift is a member of the well-known team at Wigan, in which town he is a universal favourite. Swift is 21 years of age, and in succeeding to the captaincy of the English team at so early an age takes up a position which has only been held by one so young, in J. H. Derbyshire, the finest exponent of the game who ever took to water. Swift bids fair to emulate, if not surpass, the doughty deeds of his worthy predecessor. He possesses a splendid turn of speed in the water, using the "Trudgeon" stroke to great advantage, swimming with his head well erect from the water.



Photos, Bowden.

THE ST. LEGER, which was run on Wednesday last. Llangibby and Cherry Lass were the favourites, Cicero (in the centre) being scratched early on Tuesday.

Ladies who Shoot.

The Duchess of Bedford is a well-known sportswoman. She is the finest lady shot in the kingdom, and at cover-shooting and partridge-driving in one day shot 152 birds in 281 shots, using an ordinary 16-bore gun. The game killed last season by the Duchess amounted to 3,427 head.

The Duchess of Newcastle can not only use a gun, but also the rifle with skill, which she has proved in the bagging of big game in the Rocky Mountains of America. Lady Breadalbane excels as a keen deer-stalker, taking her share in the sport obtainable on the extensive and famous deer forest of Blackmount, in Argyllshire, where every autumn many fine stags fall to her rifle.

The Comtesse de Paris has been known for a score of years as a skilled shot, whether bringing down grouse on the moors of Scotland or bagging pheasants in the English coverts. The Hon. Mrs. Lowther is equally at home with gun and rifle, using the former in partridge shooting on the preserves round Normanby Park, in Lincolnshire, and the latter in rabbit-shooting in the woods and policies there.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson is also a good game shot, having held her own even in the wilds of America with the most experienced hunters there, while another excellent shot is Lady Violet Beaumont. Lady Lechmere, again, accompanies her husband on all his lion-hunting expeditions, and has gained great fame for her skill in shooting big game in Somaliland and other countries, and Lady James Douglas has made large bags of grouse to her own gun on the moors she has rented in Scotland for many seasons.

Advance of Golf.

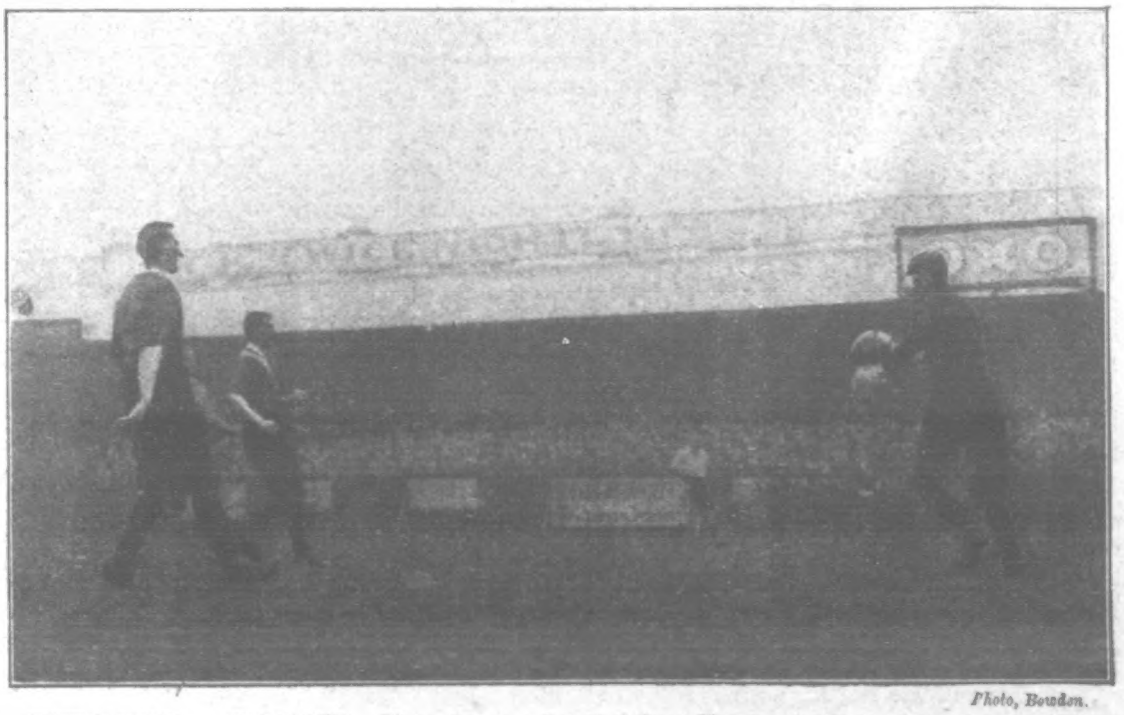
Whether the present outsiders care to recognise the fact or not, it is quite certain that golf is destined in the very near future to play a much greater part in the scheme of national recreation than it does at present. At this rate—one new links a day—or at something very much slower, 1905 will easily take the record for increase in golf, says *Golf Illustrated*. Not much of a golf course can be laid out on less than seventy acres, and a really good one, with long holes and no crossing, will take the best part of a hundred and twenty. This land has to be bought or rented on a long lease. Apart from this charge a good £1000 at the very least is necessary for laying out the course and fixing up a club-house on even a modest scale, and on more than one course that is in the making at the present time, at least five times that amount is being spent.

The American Athlete.

Mr. P. A. Vaile, writing on "American Methods in Sport" in the September number of *Pearson's Magazine*, says: "The American is always trying to find new ways, better ways, quicker ways. . . . He must beat his competitors of the present in sport, even as in business, and so again, in play, as with his most serious pursuits, he 'specialises.' The man who is to make a good broad-jumper is taken up. The whole man is not necessarily developed. What does he want with big biceps, shoulders, and chest? 'Let us keep those for the heavy-weight lifter,' says the 'cute American trainer. So he produces a fine pair of legs, with not too much top-hamper."

VALUE OF VOLUNTEERS.

Mr. Balfour made a striking speech on the Volunteers at North Berwick last week, when he opened a bazaar in the Foresters' Hall in aid of the funds of the 7th V.B. Royal Scots. Mr. Balfour said that though they had met only to further the interests of the battalion associated with the county, yet they were engaged on a task which had its direct relation to the whole scheme of defence of the Empire. "There are two great problems," said Mr. Balfour, "which lie at the root of every rational attempt to deal with the question of Imperial defence. These two problems are: How are we to find an Army numerically sufficient to defend our possessions oversea when they are within striking distance, as they now are, but were not forty-five years ago, when the Volunteer force came into existence, of a great military Power, and how are we to defend the shores of these islands?" The first, Mr. Balfour declared, might be roughly called the problem of Indian defence. This problem, he said, could not be solved by conscription. "There are those," the Premier continued, "who hold that diplomacy and diplomatic arrangements in the Far East may be a substitute for soldiers. I do not underrate what diplomacy can do in that matter, but in the long run it is, after all, upon the might of Britain that the right of Britain depends." Passing to the other problem, Mr. Balfour said he did not believe that invasion on a great scale of these shores was, under existing circumstances, a practicable military operation. "As far as I know," he said, "naval opinion is unanimous that the operation of carrying 70,000 or 100,000 men across the sea which divides us from our Continental neighbours is an operation so difficult that it is not likely ever to be undertaken. That leads to the inevitable conclusion that we can free the regular Army for service across the sea. But then they would say: Why have a Volunteer force? Because these shores must be protected against raids as well as against invasions, and if the regular Army were engaged in some great war on the north-west frontier of India, the force a possible invader would require would be so reduced that the danger of invasion would become real and present. Therefore, if the Volunteers exist for no other purpose than to make such raids impossible their existence is amply justified."



Photo, Bowden.

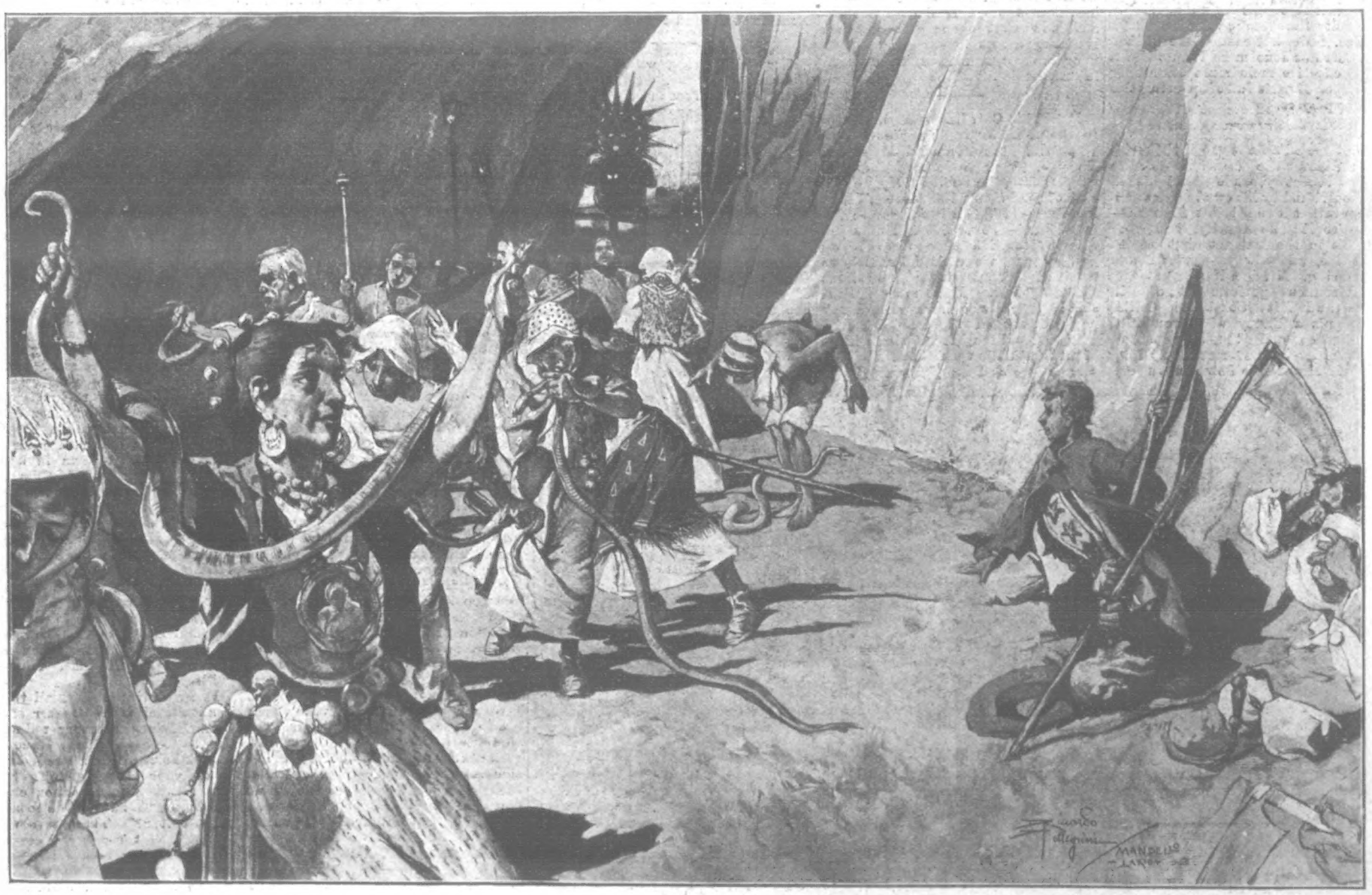
TOTTENHAM v. WATFORD: Biggar saves a hot shot from Morris. Owing to the heavy rain and bad light on Saturday, photographs were taken under great difficulties.

THE FOUNDER OF A VAST EMPIRE.

THE FIRST OF THE "RUSSIANS," THE SCANDINAVIAN HERO, RURIK: Rurik, a daring sea-rover, landed in 862 on the Russian shore of the Baltic, with his brothers Sineus and Truwor. He subjugated the country from Novgorod to the Volga, and his followers were called Rodsen, or Russians. Rodsen, in the Scandinavian tongue of the period, meaning oarsmen. Rurik died in 879. The Russian war-ship "Rurik," it will be remembered, went down off Saghalien last summer.

"WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN."

A daily paper tells the following story of the Crown Prince of Prussia: "He was riding through the streets of Berlin at the head of his company of the First Regiment of the Guard. A swarm of schoolboys, out for a holiday, crowded round his horse, cheered, and offered their hands. The Crown Prince halted his company, and merrily shook hands with the lads. Becoming bolder under the sociable attitude of the Crown Prince, a boy offered him a cigarette. 'Thanks,' said the Prince; 'have you a match?' The match was duly produced, and the Prince gave the lad a silver piece." Our artist has followed up the idea.



APPEASING THE SNAKES: A STRANGE SEPTEMBER CEREMONY IN UPPER LOMBARDY.

The weird procession here illustrated is held during the vintage at Maggio, a region which abounds in vipers. The celebrants carry huge figures of snakes, made of skins stuffed with cotton wool, and as they go they weep and lament, believing that by the expiatory ceremony they will render themselves proof against snake-bites during the grape-gathering.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Speaking to a Press representative the other day, Mr. George Edwardes remarked of the theatrical trust which has been formed in New York by Messrs. Schubert Bros. with a capital of £280,000, that it is impossible for them to harm theatre managers over here, even if they had a great deal more capital.

I understand that the Empire syndicate will shortly be providing a new music-hall for Finsbury.

Between the acts of "Her Forbidden Marriage," at Brixton Theatre, one night last week, a 22-carat gold wedding-ring was given to a young man and woman whose banns of marriage were "up" at Brixton. The playbills announced that to the first couple, with "banns up," who presented themselves at the theatre, Mr. Fred Melville, the author-manager, would give the necessary ring. As soon as the early door opened on Monday a blushing bride-to-be and her squire walked in, and cried: "Please, can we have the ring?" Mr. Melville presented the ring in the presence of the audience.

It is possible that the Savoy Theatre will again become its old self. Comic operas have always provided the most striking success at this theatre, and they may possibly be produced there once more. Mr. Vedrenne, the well-known theatrical manager, has been asked to take the theatre and produce comic opera. The arrangement, however, cannot be regarded as definitely settled, as Mr. Vedrenne has not yet decided to accept the offer.

Mr. Tree began his autumn season at His Majesty's Theatre last week with Mr. J. Comyns Carr's dramatic version of "Oliver Twist," which, it will be remembered, he produced for a single performance before the holidays. It is fated that every attempt to make a play out of a Dickens novel should result in the accentuation of the original sins of exaggeration and ultra-sentiment, and the loss, at least to an extent, of the humour and the humanity that marked the novelist's genius. Indeed, it cannot be said that Mr. Carr has done more than write a fairly effective melodrama containing a number of parts full of opportunities for the players.

Mr. Tree's Fagin is one of the series of melodramatic creations in the actor's repertory, made distinguished and individual by his own imagination. To an extent it recalls his Svengali—more sordid necessarily, and very terrible in the last act—but not too repulsive, and always powerful and convincing. Mr. Lyn Harding repeats his strenuous performance of Bill Sikes, and Miss Constance Collier again plays Nancy with wonderful intelligence and touching pathos. Miss Collier has never done anything better. Miss Nellie Bowman is a very boyish Oliver, and Miss Lettice Fairfax a sweet and pretty Rose Maylie, and of the rest of the players Mr. Frank Collins deserves really warm praise for his clever performance of the small part of Barney. "Oliver Twist" is not a play of high artistic ambition, but the actfng justified its production, and its reception seemed a prophecy of considerable popular success.

Mrs. Barrasford is to manage the Lyceum when it is re-opened shortly. Each morning programme boys, check-takers, &c., will have to go on parade before their "colonel," says the *Express*. Madame, as they call her, inspects their kit with a critical eye, listens to grievances, and drafts promising boys to more responsible work. "The boys are lined up in front of me each morning," explained the enterprising lady. "I call the roll, and they answer in military fashion, and I see that each boy looks smart and trim—boys will grow out of their uniforms, you know. The check-takers are also inspected, and I make a practice of reading aloud to them any case of dishonesty by a check-taker, as a warning. Prevention is better than cure. Bill-posting and advertising will be entirely superintended by me, and another branch of my work to which I attach great importance is the orchestra. I have myself conducted a ladies' orchestra, and I am a violinist myself. I also make a practice of attending every rehearsal."

Although Mrs. Barrasford has already demonstrated the fact that a woman may succeed in business, she will have no lady attendants at the Lyceum, while another innovation which Mrs. Barrasford will introduce at the Lyceum is an ambulance station.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's ten-year-old comedy, "The Late Mr. Castello," was revived by the Mermaid Repertory Theatre at the Great Queen-street Theatre last week. The piece proved to be hardly worth reviving. It was written to catch a passing fancy—the height of a Stock Exchange boom—and now that terms of the Stock Exchange are no longer current coin in ordinary conversation, its conceits fall rather flat.

Mr. Philip Carr has written a letter to the press, stating his intention of suspending the Mermaid Repertory Theatre, owing to lack of financial support from the public. "My weekly cost of conducting the theatre," says Mr. Carr—"and this is on very economical lines—is over £300. This week, if my expectations of to-morrow's two performances are realised, I shall have received towards that sum about £12 altogether. If the many enthusiastic people who have visited my performances on the free list, and who have written me glowing letters of congratulation on the 'national service' which I am performing, had given me even a moderate amount of financial support, the disproportion in the above figures might not have been so great. I hope that it may be possible shortly to resume the performances."

Mr. William Gillette's new play, "Clarice," which will soon be seen at the Duke of York's Theatre, was produced successfully at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, last week The story is concerned with the struggle for the hand of Clarice Marsland between an unselfish lover, splendidly played by Mr. Gillette, and an unscrupulous doctor, who is abetted by Clarice's aunt. It contains a scene in which Mr. Gillette compels the doctor to admit his treachery, which is as powerful as anything in "Sherlock Holmes." Miss Marie Doro as Clarice, Miss Adelaide Prince as the aunt, and Mr. Francis Carlyle as the doctor shared frequent calls with Mr. Gillette at the end of each act.

Terry's Theatre, which has been closed since July for extensive alterations, has at last been re-opened. Great improvements have been made in the auditorium, and the interior has been tastefully re-decorated in white and gold.

At the Palace Theatre last week Miss Madge Fox, known throughout the United States as the "Flip-Flap Girl," made her *début* to an English audience. Though she is dressed à la Parisienne, in the most sweeping of walking costumes, with large expanse of millinery to match, all this emerges from somersaults, Catherine wheels, and what she calls "looping the loop," as uncrushed and triumphant as the lady herself

The cast of "The Gay Lord Vergy," which is to be produced at the Apollo when "Veronique" is taken off, is as follows:

Lord Vergy	Mr. John Le Hay.
Couci	Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald.
Alcofribas	Mr. Healsworth.
Maxime	Mr. Lambart.
Landry	Mr. De Veuille.
Coco	Mr. W. Cheesman.
Macach	Mr. W. F. Manning.
Millperti s	Mr. Norman Salmond.
Gabrielle	Mlle. Aurèlie Révy.
Princess Mytzy	Miss Gracie Leigh.
Maguelonne	Miss Cora Williams.
Yolande	Miss Ohmead.
Viviane	Miss Madge Temple.

The first act is laid in the Château of Avignon, Act 2 takes place outside the château, and the third act in a wood at night.

Photo, Bassano.

MISS MABEL GREEN, the charming seventeen-year-old leading lady, who is now on tour in one of Mr. George Edwardes's musical comedies.

The amateur theatricals at the Londesborough Theatre, Scarborough, took place last week. Mr. Leo Trevor's comedy, "Brother Officers," was given to a crowded house. The cast was a brilliant one, including the Hon. Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes, Miss Montagu, Lady Angela Forbes, Miss Dansey, and Mr. Leo Trevor.

Miss Vesta Tilley, "The London Idol," is delighting suburban audiences this week at the Empress Theatre of Varieties, Brixton.

A traveller well versed in theatrical affairs has had an interesting "interview" with Ibsen. We are told that to-day "he is a watery-eyed, tremulous old man, his nervous force gone, and his physical strength vanishing." Two physicians are with him day and night, and he has even ceased to read, although an attendant reads to him sometimes when the great author can concentrate his mind sufficiently to enjoy it. The writer was accompanied by an impresario who desired Ibsen to undertake a lecture tour. The impossibility of the project at once dawned upon them as they saw the dramatist. They found him seated in a large chair in his library, with his doctors in attendance, although there seemed to be no necessity for their presence beyond that relating to the jealous care which he receives.

"It required but a glance at the venerable figure," writes his visitor, "to be assured that his work was done. His voice is strong, despite his general weakness, and his face, notwithstanding the marks of his great age that it shows, was still wonderful from the intellectual force that even in its decay fills it with a strange power. The library in which the interview took place is a high, dark, old-fashioned room on the first floor, with newspapers strewn about—suggesting the interest with which the author regarded the political troubles of Sweden and Norway, and with a wide range of literature on the shelves which conspicuously showed the works of such men as Kant and Schopenhauer. Ibsen discussed the political situation of his country, and expressed the hope that Norway might become a republic."

It is also stated that Ibsen is knitting together, with the aid of his son, still further plays, with fragments of work which in any form would interest the world.

Photo, Langfier.

Act II. of "The Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane. The doctor announces Thora's death

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

Art for Heart's Sake.

A pretty little discussion is running as to marriages brought about by pictures. Not a picture of his prospective bride, but one by her—"The Roll Call"—led to the introduction of the present Sir William and Lady Butler; and we may take it that had not the portrait of the present Queen Alexandra been so delightful, King Edward would not have gone to woo and win the original. Perhaps as interesting a case as any is that of which Watts's portrait of the then Miss Virginia Pattle was the centre. A very beautiful girl was depicted, and among the crowds who flocked round it at Burlington House was the future Earl Somers. "I must get to know that woman," he said. By an accident, worthy repetition in the coincidence column of the *Standard*, they did meet next day, and a few months later were married. One of their daughters is Lady Henry Somerset.

Soothing Sayings.

A bachelor says there is nothing dearer to a man than a good wife—or, at least, more expensive!

Love may make the world go round, but it isn't always able to make the girl's father come round.

Nothing pleases the average person more than to be caught in the act of doing a good deed on the sly.

It's comparatively easy to turn over a new leaf, but it is often difficult to make it stay turned.

Avoid abbreviation in your correspondence, otherwise you will get into the habit of breaking your word

If a man wishes to convince his wife that he is a genius, he must do it during the courtship.

"Single blessedness" is a bouquet a bachelor throws at himself when he wants to marry and cannot.

A man loves a woman because she is a woman. A woman loves a man for want of something better to love.

Love is a sea of trouble upon which everyone wants to launch his boat, even though he knows it will swamp.

Respect and esteem are the daily bread of matrimony; a little jam or honey on it now and then would do no harm.

Few women love a man enough not to pretend to somebody that she is not so sure about it as she would like to be.

A couple may be able to live on love in a cottage until they read advertisements of bargains. Then the trouble begins.

A woman's idea of being nice to another woman is to kiss her and say: "Oh! how lovely that new hat is!" when she knows she has had it in her possession at least twelve months.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Are We Growing Flippant?

Outward flippancy, especially in regard to slang and light speech on serious matters, may distress very earnest people, but I am not at all sure that there is not a bright side to the evil—if it be an evil at all. Flippancy has its uses. It is mainly employed as a species of joke with which to "buck oneself up," and a humorous view of things frequently enables people to weather disasters which would overwhelm them with their terrible and real grimness if they approached them in a wholly serious frame of mind.—Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes").

Flippancy—the ready shallow pertness of speech which never attains to wit, and is second cousin to rudeness—is one of the striking characteristics of modern conversation. But as modernity is only another word for fashion, or being in touch with the latest and most up-to-date fad, it would be unwise to take flippancy as meaning more than any modern fad does mean.—Mrs. Humphreys ("Rita").

In great things, in small things, it is alike useless to be ever scolding. Denunciations are very telling—and they are so easy. It is so much easier to pick holes in your neighbour than to do your duty yourself. I would have all these fierce denouncers stop and think, "What do I do to make the world better?" Those who write so feelingly of the decay of home life, what are their homes like? From the highest to the lowest, I would have everyone put the same question to himself: "Am I faultless, am I too frivolous? Ought I to scold myself before my neighbour?"—Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter").

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Why Women Become Plain.

There is no getting over the fact that women generally lose their good looks and become positively plain as life goes on. Why is this? It is not merely that the plain girls become plainer, often they become better-looking, but the pretty ones become plain, so that not a trace of their former good looks remains.

Of course, the cause of a woman becoming plain may be illness, but it seems that moral and mental causes have far more to do with the waning of beauty than those which are merely physical.

Woman is a creature of emotions, and those emotions are all reflected on her face. A repetition of those emotions and their constant reflections causes deep lines to appear as time goes on, and these lines, which stamp the face with a look of worry, sternness, or anxiety, soon obliterate all beauty in woman. In man they might not be considered detrimental to good looks, but with our ideal of feminine beauty we associate calmness, gentleness, and sweet content, and therefore lines which indicate the contrary state of affairs must be disfiguring to woman.

The rate at which we live nowadays, the struggle many of us have for bread, and the almost equally keen struggle of others to gratify their social ambitions and be in a smarter set than their income justifies, are among the most frequent causes of plainness in women.

The woman who would have her youthful charms develop into attractive middle-age comeliness must keep herself well in hand, and neither allow herself to fret nor nag, however much things seem going against her. If she can only school herself to look on the best side of life, and to speak and think kindly of her neighbours, she will keep many ugly lines out of her face, while her kindly emotions will so register themselves there that, as time goes by, her face, even if not beautiful as regard feature, may be so good to look upon that no one could ever think of her as plain.

How to Write a Love-Letter.

Who can describe the feelings of a young maid when she sits down, with carefully locked bedroom door, to pen a love-letter?

What a lot she wants to say; how loving she would like to be—and that brings us to the point, how should a love-letter be written?

It takes an amount of common sense to turn out a good love-letter, and, of course, a trifle of sentiment. A letter of that sort should be most carefully worded, for, to their shame be it said, young men have a nasty habit of handing such effusions round for the edification of their chums.

They want these latter to see how easily they can captivate girls; therefore girls have to take care and not commit themselves in writing.

I do not say that all young men are guilty of acting in such an unworthy way, but some undoubtedly are, and a girl never can tell whether she has got hold of a worthy young man or not.

I can caution a girl to avoid gush; it does no good, and there are men who detest it.

Again, no girl should put down on paper anything which she would dread outsiders seeing; this is a safe course.

Let letters of this kind be short; there is no necessity for filling up sheet after sheet of note-paper; any sensible girl can demonstrate her love on a half-sheet as well as on a ream of foolscap.

Now, as to terms of endearment. Some girls cannot write a love-letter without sprinkling these here and there, but they are not necessary; far better to keep such things for a personal interview.

One word of endearment uttered by the tongue is of greater value than a million written on paper.

A girl, too, should be careful, when writing her lover, how she refers to any outsider, especially if that outsider be a woman one cannot say what may happen. The letter might fall into someone's hands who would make a base use of it; or the girl might damage herself in her lover's eyes if she speaks of another woman in a disparaging way.

If she refers to a certain man in a contemptuous manner, who knows what the lover may do? If he dislikes that man he may not hesitate to mention what the girl thinks of him.

Thus a girl, in writing a love-letter, may easily make enemies. I have known many cases of this kind, and much unpleasantness is always the result.

A love-letter should be entirely free from any slangy or doubtful terms; no girl can hope to retain an honest man's love under these circumstances; slangy or doubtful terms hint at fastness, and no man, be he ever so bad himself, will tolerate even a suspicion of fastness in his sweetheart.

He may quite approve of it in girls he flirts with, but when it comes to a real sweetheart the matter is entirely different.

A love-letter should be short and to the point; a girl should say what she has got to say, then let her stop; quality, not quantity, is the thing required.

The fact is, a young man likes to receive a crisp, well-worded, practical love-letter.

Does it not indicate what kind of girl he has fallen in love with? Does it not clearly prove that he has captured the heart of a sensible young woman?

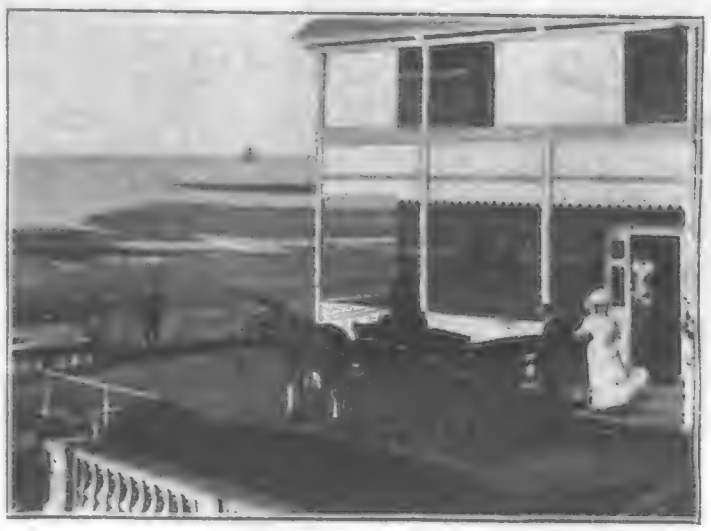
On the other hand, the girl who scribbles off sheet after sheet of nonsense demonstrates that she is vapid, frivolous, and cannot take a serious view of a serious matter—namely, love.

I believe that many girls are quite unaware that they give themselves away entirely when they write love-letters; talking is one thing, writing another.

A young man in love hears his sweetheart talking to him, but he really pays little heed to her chatter; a kind of glamour is cast over him; he is quite content with the knowledge that she loves him.

How different, however, when he receives a letter from her! He can coolly examine it, and what often results? Her character is laid bare, and he knows that she is an empty-headed little thing, of no use whatever.

Girls, do try to write love-letters in a sensible way; sentimental, gushing letters may retain a man's love, but sensible, practical ones go a shade further, they earn his respect, and a man's respect is always more difficult to gain than his love.



Photo, Bunnett.

MRS. LANGTRY AT MARGATE: A snapshot of Mrs. Langtry, who has recently been playing at Margate, leaving the house of Mr. Sydney Grundy, the celebrated dramatist, on her way to the theatre.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

LYMINGTON FLOWER SHOW: Decorated mail carts for cottagers.

An Excellent Ginger-bread.

Take one pound and a half of well-dried flour, four ounces of butter, four ounces of brown sugar, one pound of treacle, one ounce of ground ginger, half an ounce of ground allspice, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a gill of warm milk, or more if required, and two eggs. Mix the flour, ginger, and allspice together. Melt the butter, and add it to the treacle, which should be warmed. Dissolve the soda in the milk, whisk the eggs thoroughly, and make all into a smooth dough. Bake this cake in a moderate oven in a shallow tin.

Bean Soup.

Boil two pounds of shelled broad beans till tender, and pass them through a sieve; add one ounce of butter, pepper and salt to taste. If the beans are old they should be skinned after cooking, or the purés will have a bitter taste. Have half a pound of French beans, finely shredded, boiled in plenty of salted water and drained to dry. Add the beans to the purés, and reduce all to the right consistency with milk and water; make very hot, and serve with fried dice of bread. Those who like onions should have a little added to the broad beans, and passed through the sieve when tender.

Oyster Patties.

First line some small patty pans with good puff paste, stamp a little round in the middle, and bake in a sharp oven. Blanch a dozen large oysters, remove the beards and not the muscle part, and lay in cold water to keep their colour. Melt one ounce and a half of butter and fry a chopped shallot, add a small teaspoonful of flour, ditto curry powder, and liquor from the oysters. Cayenne and lemon juice to taste. When this is all cooked over the fire, while stirring add half a gill of cream, and a boiled carrot cut into dice. Put in the oysters and just warm through. Remove the little piece from the middle of the patty, scrape out the soft part and fill the cavity with the oyster mixture. Put on the top and serve.

Genova Flat Cake.

Set two pounds of flour into a bowl, add a saltspoonful of salt, and stir all together. Then break up into small pieces three ounces of butter. Set a sponge with a tablespoonful of German yeast mixed with one pint of new milk; let this rise for one hour. Then stir into two beaten eggs as much hot milk as to make them lukewarm. Add the milk and eggs to the dough and work all together; add three ounces of sugar, three ounces of butter, four ounces each of currants and sultanas, and the grated rind of a large lemon, with a little chopped candied peel. Leave the dough to rise again for three-quarters of a hour, then divide into four, mould into flat round cakes, score across the top so as when cooked to cut in nice pieces, scatter coarse sugar over, and bake in a moderate oven. To serve, make the cakes hot and divide each into eight wedge-shaped pieces.

French Bean Salad.

Required: One pint of cooked French beans, one lettuce, one small beetroot, two hard-boiled eggs, parsley. Pepper and salt. Salad oil and vinegar.

When the beans are cold, drain them free from all moisture on a cloth, and wash the lettuce carefully. Place a layer of French beans at the bottom of the salad bowl, then a layer of lettuce, torn into small pieces, next a layer of sliced beetroot, and so on till all is used. Have beetroot on the top and scatter chopped parsley over it. Divide the whites from the yolks of the hard-boiled eggs, chop the whites finely and rub the yolks through a sieve. Arrange the two separately as a garnish in stripes. Work together two tablespoonfuls of salad oil with one tablespoonful of vinegar, pepper and salt. Pour over the salad just before serving.

Braised Tongue.

Required: A fresh tongue, a quarter of a pound of salt pork, celery, and carrot, an onion, a bay leaf, and parsley, half a pint of brown stock, peppercorns, and cloves.

This is a popular dish abroad, where it is generally served with a sharp sauce. Place the tongue in a fairly large stew-pan, cover with boiling water and simmer very slowly for two hours. Remove the tongue from the water, skin it carefully and trim the root, place it in an earthenware dish, cut the pork into dice and put round it, with two carrots and a stick of celery cut into dice, also an onion. Scatter over some peppercorns, two cloves and the bay leaf cut in pieces. Pour over the stock, cover closely and bake slowly for two hours. Turn once after cooking an hour. Serve hot, with a garnish of the vegetables, the gravy, thickened, and sharpened with vinegar and chopped capers.

Mock Pate de Foie Gras.

Rub a frying-pan over with garlic, melt in it a good quantity of bacon fat, and fry in it two or three shallots finely chopped and some calves' liver cut in dice. When cold, pound all, including the bacon fat, in a mortar with some cold veal or breast of fowl, and add some truffles, finely chopped. Press into jars and cover with melted butter.

For Curry.

Cut up an onion and an apple finely. Take the meat you wish to use and cut into squares of convenient size. Put two ounces of clarified dripping into a sauce-pan and, when it is hot, add the onion and apple. Fry till the onion is brown, strain and return the dripping to the sauce-pan; add a dessertspoonful of curry powder, the same quantity of peaflour, stir it together, add salt and pepper, the fried onions and apple, and, gradually, half a pint of cold water or stock. Stir while all boils up, then set on one side to simmer for half an hour. Add the meat then and let it get hot through, but not boil. If raw meat is used, it must be fried with the onion and simmered for nearly an hour. Serve very hot with a border of rice.

Green Soup and Croutons.

Pick over and wash thoroughly two quarts of nice, fresh spinach, and a handful of parsley. Chop both finely, put into a stew-pan with three ounces of butter and a gill of cream. Stew all for about twenty minutes, then add one quart of water, and seasoning of salt, pepper, white sugar, and a good spoonful of mayonnaise dressing. Let all simmer for nearly half an hour, stirring occasionally; then add a teacupful of cream, strain through a hair sieve, and add a little butter. Serve at once with croutons prepared as follows: *Croutons*—Cut off the crust about an inch thick from the bottom of a stale loaf. Cut this into strips one inch wide and half that thickness. Soak these carefully in some rich stock, lay them in a greased tin, not touching each other. Put the pan in the oven and cook the crusts slowly till they are dry and browned. Add to the soup just before serving.

Hard Water.

When unable to procure soft water for toilet purposes, keep a muslin bag with fine oatmeal in it, and squeeze out in the water before washing. Put fresh oatmeal into the bag every third day.

Photo P.I.P.

Burns' Cottage, where the great Scottish poet was born.

Photo, Beresford.

The Hon. Barbara Lister, who has just married Capt. Wilson.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Patriotic Farmer.

Nathan Gurfenkle, of Paterson, New Jersey, U.S.A., painted his cows red, white, and blue, and then named them "Old Glory," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Stars and Stripes," "Flag of the Free," and "Long May She Wave."

Castor Oil Plants.

To keep castor oil plants in good condition, and to encourage their growth, give them an occasional tablespoonful of castor oil. A little trench should be made round the stem of the plant, the oil poured into it, and then covered lightly with earth.

A Pretty Flower-Pot.

Cover an ordinary flower-pot with glue, then roll it in sand, and see that it is quite covered. On this put a spray of leaves, made in putty, and leave till quite dry.

Go over the sand with gold paint, and colour the spray and the inside of the pot with a pretty green, using either enamel or ordinary oil paint.

If this work be done carefully, the result will be very pretty, and it will probably inspire you to adorn a drain-pipe umbrella-stand in the same fashion. Into the bottom of the drain-pipe fit an ordinary baking-tin, but paint it so that it does not rust.

Farming in New South Wales.

The New South Wales Exhibition at the Guildhall has created much interest, and the huge nuggets of gold, the innumerable fleeces of merino wool, samples of grain, minerals, and produce have aroused the keen interest of over 25,000 visitors during the past week. Lord Jersey, who has always taken great personal interest in Australian affairs, paid a prolonged visit to the exhibition. To those who have expressed doubt as to the desire of Australia for new settlers, it will come as a surprise to learn that the Premier has now set aside fifty farms, varying from 200 to 300 acres, in the best district of New South Wales, which will be allotted to the *first* British applicants. These are improved freehold farms, all ready for the plough, and at a cost of from 2s. to 3s. per acre per annum, paid over a series of years, new settlers can secure a comfortable and prosperous freehold homestead in one of the choicest farming districts in the world. It seems an opportunity that should not be missed. Full particulars may be obtained at the New South Wales Government Office, 33, East-cheap, London, E.C.

A Land-Yacht: This novel craft can be sailed at terrific speed on a good stretch of sands.

Parrots as Pilots.

A flight of parrots changed the history of America. When Columbus sailed westward over the unknown Atlantic he expected to reach Japan. After many days' sail from one of the Canary Islands he became uneasy at not discovering the land, which, according to his reckoning, ought to have been twenty-one nautical miles more to the east (says *Feathered Life*). After much discussion he yielded to the opinion of the captain of the *Pinta*, and steered south-west. Pinzon, the captain was influenced in his opinion by a flight of parrots which were passing in that direction. "Never," wrote Hamilton, "had the flight of birds more important consequences." This flock of parrots may be said to have determined the first settlements on the new continent, and its distribution between the Latin and Germanic races.

Odds and Ends.

A sow thistle is growing strongly from a branch of a black currant bush in the garden of Mr. T. Rendel of Dawlish.

Tests made at Melbourne prove the enormous strength of the Victorian blue gum tree, a piece of wood 5in. thick withstanding a strain of 27,650 lb.

A man engaged in unpacking a consignment of bananas at Covent Garden picked up what he thought was a piece of rope, but which turned out to be a snake.

While punting near Surbiton recently, a gentleman thrust his pole into the water and speared a fine barbel, weighing three pounds, which had evidently been asleep on the bed of the river.

To encourage a love of flowers, and to aid in beautifying Manchester and Salford, Mrs. Leo Grindon is offering prizes for the best creepers grown within a mile of the Manchester Royal Exchange.

A mysterious disease has broken out among poultry in West Essex, and chickens and turkeys are dying in great numbers. So rapid is the spread of the disease that in one night birds to the value of £40 were lost by one farmer. Some of the carcases were sent to the Board of Agriculture, who report that, in all probability, the birds died from "fowl cholera," but as it existed in a chronic form it was not possible to obtain a bacteriological proof.

Sailing on Land.

An enterprising inhabitant of the village of Thames Haven, which is not far from Canvey Island, has discovered a novel possibility in the railway trolly as a mode of conveyance. With the wind in the right quarter—provided there was enough of it—he found he could, by means of mast and sails, travel at a speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour. But yachting on land is not by any means new. At Selsey, in Sussex, Mr. Peter Keary has two or three land-yachts which can be navigated over the twelve miles of sand that separate that village from Chichester Harbour. The land-yacht is constructed very much on the same principle as the ice yacht, so familiar and formidable on the Hudson and other Transatlantic rivers. Instead of working on runners, however, the land-boat runs on wheels. Two wooden beams cross each other, the one about twenty-one feet long, the other twelve. At each end the shorter or cross beam is supported on wheels. The third wheel, which is for steering, adjoins the long plank at the back, and is attached to a tiller. From the deck rises the bamboo mainmast sixteen feet in height. The space for the human body is limited, but adequate. It is a small "cradle"—self-rocking—fixed to the beam about half way. Two persons can coil themselves in it with ease. A sail in one of the land-yachts is most exciting. It combines yachting with motoring, or rather the pleasures of both with the disadvantages of neither. With a strong wind a pace of fifty miles an hour may be attained. That the land-boat has a future before it is undeniable. In Great Britain it must be chiefly as a unique pleasure pastime in localities where there are considerable sand stretches. There are other countries, however, where it has a far more important object to fulfil. In deserts, for instance, it promises to become the ideal form of locomotion. Such a case is afforded us from California, where, on the dreaded Mojave desert, a place of pathless stretches, swept by furious tempests, more desolate than the sea itself, broken only by tiny trees, a land-boat carries two miners to and fro from their work, a distance of nine desolate miles.

Friend or Foe?

There are birds that are useful and others that are harmful to crops, but there is no general agreement as to the category under which many of them ought to be placed. The regulations for the protection of birds are also unsatisfactory, birds which do not leave the coast being protected in some inland counties and others which have not been seen in this country for centuries being on the same list, while in some cases no protection is afforded to birds which are really useful to farmers. An effort, we understand, is being made by the Council of the Central Chamber of Agriculture to arrive at a definite knowledge of the birds which should be included in the respective classes, and to obtain uniformity in the regulations. The question is to be discussed at the October meeting of the Council.

A Dreaded Fowl Disease.

During the last few weeks I have received several inquiries as to the treatment of ailing fowls; in one case I had two letters from the same breeder, her turkeys being taken ill a few days after she had written to me about her poultry. There seems, indeed, to be an epidemic of roup at present, and for the benefit of breeders whose fowls may be attacked any time, I append one of the best recipes for cure that is known. Mr. L. C. Verrey found it very effective. The first symptom of this rightly dreaded disease is a cold in the head, which quickly spreads to the throat and eyes. After a day or two it can be easily detected from an ordinary cold by the bird hanging its head, and a thick discharge oozing from the nostrils, which smells very badly. Remedy: Remove the bird at once out of the reach of all other birds (as it is fearfully contagious) to a warm, dry place; frequently wash the eyes and nostrils with warm water in which a few drops of carbolic acid or permanganate of potash have been dropped. Give one teaspoonful of castor oil. There are so many vendors of excellent pills for this disease that I need not give a prescription, as full directions for use will be found inclosed in the pill-box. For diet give meal mixed with hot water and seasoned with cayenne pepper; two or three drops of permanganate of potash to be added to the drinking water. After attending to the bird always wash the hands in water that has been disinfected with carbolic acid or permanganate of potash, as the complaint may easily be conveyed to other fowls by this means. When the fowl has recovered tonics should be administered. Cod liver oil and quinine capsules are an excellent astringent, and one should be given three times a day. The meal should be mixed with hot ale, and this will also act as a tonic. But grain all through the illness is to be avoided. The patient when recovered should be kept from its companions for at least a week, and before returning to its run (which should only be done on a bright, fine day) well washed in warm water disinfected with the fluid.

Photo, Clements.

The Giraffe and its Baby, the only one born in captivity and now alive in Europe, at the Berlin Zoo. It was neglected by its mother soon after birth, and has had to be fed from a bottle.

Photo, Bowden Bros.

BATH HORSE SHOW: One of the winners in the jumping competition.

Dahlia Development.

Expert dahlia-growers can now produce blossoms which resemble other flowers.

The centre transept of the Crystal Palace was last week ablaze with every conceivable sort of dahlia, from the tiny pompon to the great bloom four or five inches across.

Dahlias were once comparatively despised. Now they are on a rising wave of popularity. By nature showy and brilliant, the flower has proved that its beauty is pliable. Last week's show at the Crystal Palace might have been a display of choice specimens of daisies, clematis, peonies, sunflowers, chrysanthemums, phloxes, begonias. As a matter of fact, they were all dahlias developed by strenuous and persistent efforts to the shapes of other flowers.

The scope afforded the cultivator is shown by the fact that 130 absolutely new dahlias were exhibited.

Record Gardens.

The most expensive group of gardens in the world are no doubt in what has been called the Rothschild region of Buckinghamshire. Mentmore, the home of the Earl of Rosebery, shows magnificent products; as do Waddesdon, which now belongs to Miss Alice Rothschild; Ascott, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild; Halton, the home of "Mr. Alfred," and Tring Park, the wonderful abode of Lord and Lady Rothschild. No City rivalry can be keener than that which sways the Rothschilds in their country homes, each endeavouring to produce better results than the other, or, indeed, than anyone else has obtained. Roses and carnations are their favourite blooms, and splendid specimens are to be seen, says the *Onlooker*. At Tring there are always more than forty gardeners, and their wages alone amount to about £2,500 per annum.

Globe Artichokes.

The ground intended for artichokes should be liberally manured and deeply dug before planting. Some prefer setting the suckers singly in rows 4ft. apart, allowing 3ft. between the plants in the row, but by planting 4ft. apart each way and putting out three suckers at each station, better results are obtained the first year. The suckers are planted diagonally about 1ft. apart, so as to form a clump. Should the weather be dry it will be necessary to water frequently, but only sufficient should be given to keep the soil moist round the plants. As they are only allowed to stand two years there will be no overcrowding, particularly if all but three of the best suckers are removed the following spring. To grow fine heads, all except the centre one on each stem should be removed before they get too large, or they would rob the others. Liberal applications of manure-water must be given at the time the plants are throwing up their flower stems, and must be continued if the weather be dry, until the heads are cut. When raised from seed many of the plants are worthless, as the heads are not at all fleshy; some of them with long spines being little better than cardoons. It is, therefore, best to procure suckers from a reliable source. These, if planted in April and well looked after, will give a supply of nice heads towards the end of the summer. The season may be prolonged by taking off suckers in the autumn, and after potting standing them in a cold frame where protection can be afforded in severe weather. These plants, if set out early in April, will usually throw up their flower-stems a fortnight in advance of those that have remained out through the winter.

Fruit Trees in Pots.

A short paragraph which I wrote in this column some years ago was the means of starting the growing of fruit trees in pots in a most unpromising district Manchester; but from subsequent letters I heard that the hobby had been made quite a success. A writer in *Gardening Illustrated*, in warning an inquirer upon the subject on the difficulties of that kind of culture, says that both the fog and smoke in London have to be contended with. You can always purchase fruit trees in pots, and if first potted when you buy them in the autumn, they would not require repotting until the following year. This would save you the expense of purchasing pots, loam, bones, and other materials for potting. For fruit trees pots ten inches in diameter are frequently used, shifting into larger sizes as the plants attain age. They must be plunged outside to prevent their being injured by wind-storms, and also protected from the drying influences of the sun and air. Cover the pots during the winter with ashes or litter to prevent breakages, and you must attend to the plants carefully during the summer with water, twice a day often being necessary. Some amateurs have made the culture of fruit trees in pots their special study, and obtained great success by growing them in suitable houses, with only a little heat. On the other hand, many amateurs who had studied this mode of culture advise cool houses or glass protection only. Much depends, however, upon the trees and when the fruits are needed. To get a collection of trees in a fruiting condition takes some little time. Doubtless the best way is to purchase prepared trees, as it would be useless to pot up and place such trees in heat until the pots were filled with fibrous roots and in condition to bear the strain of forcing. On the other hand, the amateur may purchase young trees at a small cost one season and pot up, give a season's growth, and another year obtain fruit.

A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

THE WORLD'S PEACE.

Lord Harden took his place in that Upper Chamber where he had so often preached the dangers of a raid or an invasion. He rose as soon as the Lord Chancellor had taken his seat on the Woolsack and in low, measured tones which were in keeping with the hushed solemnity of the House, he asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs if he could give any information with regard to the question of settlement between Great Britain and her enemy, and on what terms peace had been arranged.

"In putting that question," added Lord Harden sadly, "I cannot help remarking that the warnings which I have so often uttered have been fulfilled to such a bitter extremity that the very walls and windows and roof of this gilded chamber give evidence of the perils we have encountered—but which, thank God, are now a thing of the past—because of the enemy in our midst."

In a tense and perfect silence the Foreign Minister replied.

"I know," he said, "that I need not crave the indulgence of this House to answer the question of my noble friend. There are many points yet at issue on which, for obvious reasons, it is impossible for me to speak at present; but there is no reason why I should withhold those details for which naturally at a time like this the whole world is waiting eagerly, and none so eagerly as the peoples who compose the British Empire.

"It will be difficult to confine myself strictly and solely to that cold and measured language, that medium of mere courtesy and diplomacy, to which this House is accustomed, for there are times when even the coldest amongst us must put aside the mask of concealment and allow our feelings as men and Britons to find expression.

"Language, however, would indicate but feebly the emotions with which I am almost overpowered on rising to respond to the request of my noble friend—whose gloomy prophecies were, alas! too often ridiculed or ignored. If there are those amongst us who stand in need of pardon for that almost criminal indifference, I can only comfort myself with the sure knowledge that the offence will have been overlooked, because of the bitter expiation which has been demanded already for the sin.

"We have not yet completely recovered from the shock of a blow so cruel, so venomous, so ruthless, and so monstrous that the history of the world scarcely affords a parallel to it; we are scarcely yet able to realise that we in England, considered perhaps the most secure of all the countries of the world, have been literally and truly in the grip of a mighty enemy, and that we have only just cast ourselves free of the pressure which at one time threatened permanently to paralyse our energies.

"Let us take our minds back over recent happenings, and what do we find? We find that without the diplomatic warnings which are invariably looked for in the conduct of hostilities commenced by a civilised and first-class Power, without that sound and solid reason for an act so grave which one has a right to expect of, and demand from, such a Power, we were plunged into a struggle, the effects of which have never been equalled, and which we shall not fully know for a long time to come.

"It is as yet early to endeavour to ascertain the motives which have prompted the doings of the enemy who has been in our midst—time alone will lay those motives bare; but even the most indifferent and sceptical amongst us were conversant with the fact that there existed a deep-rooted jealousy of our position and our power on the part of the nation which saw fit to hurl its forces against us.

"We know now that, blinded by vanity and encouraged in the belief of its invulnerability, that nation was hurried into a war the result of which it was fondly hoped would be to put that nation in the very forefront of the nations of the world, and enable it to act the part of universal dictator. That these vast ambitions were shared from the highest to the lowest in that land across the sea was abundantly evidenced by broadcast speeches and reports. Not a day passed which did not furnish proof of this far-reaching craving.

"Looking back on the past, the very near past, it seems incredible, criminally negligent, that the signs of the times were not more clearly read, that we were not sooner prepared ourselves to meet what actually happened, and above all things that we as a nation permitted certain things to take place; for we now see how obvious the inference was which was to be drawn from the enemy's actions.

"We saw a great and a powerful nation, a nation which had achieved an almost unprecedented success, instead of pursuing its aims on peaceful and legitimate lines, following a policy which was marked by greed and rancorous hatred. With conquest at home came the overwhelming yearning to be a mighty power abroad as well, the longing to spread further afield, the legitimate desire to develop the outlets for the surplus trade and population of an enterprising people. So far from putting difficulties in the way of that reasonable and proper wish for growth, we offered no opposition whatever. On the contrary, advantages which were enjoyed by British traders were equally at the disposal of any foreigner, and so it came to pass that countries which we as a nation had opened out and developed at very heavy cost in life and money were as free to the foreigner as to the British trader.

"All our actions, all our forbearance, in circumstances often of great irritation, if not actual provocation, give overwhelming proof of our desire, nay, our determination, to live on terms of peace with our neighbours. It is impossible to point to any one act of ours and say that we were desirous of bringing about hostilities, or that we sought them in any shape or form. We knew too well, from very recent experience, what the cost of war was; and with that fresh and dearly bought knowledge the people of the British Empire were of all people the least disposed to seek a conflict.

"It was significant—but the significance had not then come home as it has come home since—that these commercial concessions of which I have spoken were not reciprocated, and that while we, with what we must now admit to be foolish generosity, were for ever making it possible for the foreign competitor to trade on equal terms with the British, the foreign competitor was imposing restrictions which made the profitable conduct of our own commerce difficult, if not impossible.

"Side by side with this growing danger of trade rivalry and jealousy there was that insidious peril of the alien who, without let or hindrance, had been permitted to come and settle in our midst. No creature was too incompetent as a workman, too infamous as a human being, to be allowed to land, and the result was the introduction of an element into our national life which proved a source of the utmost danger. That element afforded a ready means of helping to attain a certain end of which full use was made at the proper time.

"There were those who said, frequently and outspokenly, that the growth of a foreign navy beyond the reasonable extent demanded and required for purposes of trade protection and the protection of foreign possessions was a development which could not be viewed without the gravest suspicion and concern. It was pointed out that that development could have one objective, and one only, and indeed the purpose of the growth was readily admitted and confessed by those who were responsible for it.

"Abiding by that principle of throwing no obstacle in the way of the legitimate efforts of a foreign friendly Power to extend the scope of its operations and widen the sphere of its influence, His Majesty's Government raised no objection, and put no obstacle in the way of this extraordinary growth—and this in spite of the increasing evidence of jealousy and hostility which was manifest on every hand.

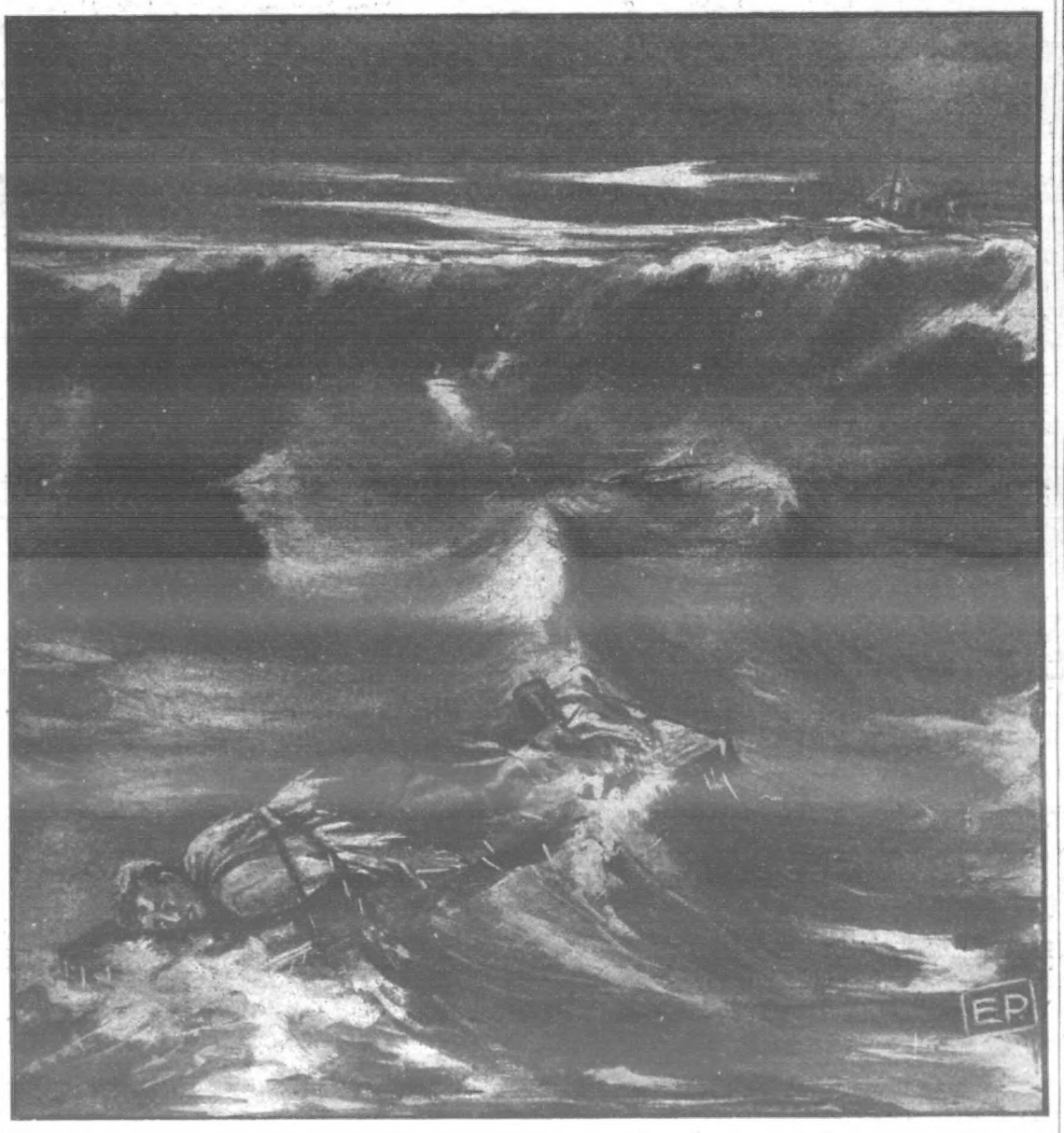
"And yet it was known that the very battleships which have now been destroyed or captured were built with one obvious purpose, for they were of peculiarly shallow draught and their coal capacity was far below that which is needed in a ship of war whose purpose is to fight in distant waters.

"With an enormous army, a magnificent fighting machine, at all times available for the defence of the country, with practically no seaboard to protect, it was idle to assert that these ships were built to put beyond reasonable possibility of a raid on a foreign shore.

"Being, then, not meant solely for defence, being unnecessary for the protection of a sea-borne commerce whose extent did not demand or warrant such a fleet, those ships were clearly intended for offence, and in due course, when it was considered that the time was ripe, the blow was struck.

"It is not my intention, and even if it were, I should not have the heart to put that wish into execution, to dwell on the terrors through which we have passed, the dangers with which we have been confronted, and the unspeakable anxiety that we, the Cabinet, representing the British nation, have endured since that momentous hour when the very heart of the world was temporarily paralysed. But I will crave your indulgence for a few brief moments so that I may present a picture of the havoc which has been wrought and the misery that has been caused, to justify what I shall then have to say to you.

"The prophecy of the great Duke of Wellington has been, most unhappily, fulfilled. He was speaking of this very subject of the landing of a hostile army in His Majesty's dominions. 'Then indeed,' he wrote, 'would



A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA: The Orient-Pacific liner *Omrah*, which arrived in Plymouth last week, had on board the sole survivor of the crew of the Spanish brigantine *Carmen*, which was wrecked while on a voyage to Portugal. Soon after passing Cape St. Vincent, the third officer of the *Omrah* saw a quantity of wreckage with a human body lying across it at some distance from the ship. The lifeboat was at once lowered, and soon reached the wreckage. Lying across this, unconscious and partially clothed, was the body of a Spanish sailor lad. When he recovered he said his name was Juan Delgado Lamtano, and that he was one of the crew of seven belonging to the Spanish brigantine *Carmen*. On Sunday night, the 3rd inst., the *Carmen* encountered squally weather, and at one o'clock the following morning she suddenly capsized. The crew were thrown into the water, but Lamtano and two other sailors managed to grasp a couple of floating planks, and, lashing them together, improvised a raft. The frail raft to which the three men clung was continually being swept by the waves, and during the night Lamtano's two companions were drowned. For two days and three nights he drifted about at the mercy of the waves. During that time two vessels passed within hailing distance, but the boy was so weak that he could not make them hear. After the last ship went by without seeing him he became unconscious, and remembers nothing more until he woke to find himself safe on board the *Omrah*.

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commence an expensive contest; then would His Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge, and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants, would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor in the scene.'

"Never was a gloomy forecast more truly realised, for at this moment, undisputed victors though we are, there is not a corner of the country where the curse of war has not been known; there is scarcely a region in the country where the cultivation of the soil has not suffered through neglect, or where the beauty has not been marred by that most terrible of all disfigurements, mortal strife; there is no quarter from which, at this moment as I speak, there are not rising the moans of widows and the wails of orphans; there are few districts which have not claimed their gallant dead, and where prosperity and peace have not been displaced by ruin and combat; there is not a square mile of London which has not been the scene of outrage and plunder, not a part of this world-wide Empire of ours which has not suffered, directly or indirectly, because of what has happened recently.

"Thank God! The outlying parts of the Empire at any rate have been spared the horrors into which we at home have been plunged. They were prepared, and they were warned in time, and there at any rate the British ships of war were neither absent nor unready. That is due largely to the fact that the blow which was struck was struck at the very heart of the Empire, and that the whole force of the enemy was concentrated on the effort to paralyse the heart, knowing that if that object could be achieved the rest of the vitality of the Empire must be affected.

"That the strife was kept so near to home, and that our own squadrons in distant waters were so thoroughly able to fulfil their task, was due in a very marked degree to our alliance with Japan. That alliance narrowed enormously the sphere of operations, and left a clear path for our ships to take.

"There is another aspect of the struggle to which I will not do more than make a passing allusion at present, but I shall have more to say upon the matter shortly. I mean our relationship, our clear and definite relationship, with that great and wonderfully recuperative Power which is nearest to us in Europe. At the eleventh hour that distinguished people threw in their lot with us in the struggle, and it has been largely because of the wonderful way in which their ancient valour as a warlike race has been resuscitated that we have been able to arrive at an earlier conclusion of the war than could otherwise have been the case.

"Now let me dwell for a moment on the state of things with which we are actually confronted as I speak. Let us look around in even the most cursory way, and what do we see? The maritime operations of two Great Powers, which should have been friendly Powers, disorganised and crippled for the time being, and one of them at any rate so utterly broken that recovery of her position is impossible.

"That other Power, with a perseverance and a foresight which were little short of marvellous, had in the course of a mere handful of years built up a sea system which justly compelled the admiration of the world. Look where you would, East or West, you saw testimony, on the great trade and passenger routes, to their ability and zeal. The waters of the world were ploughed by their noble steamers, bearing passengers and merchandise to and fro—and, let it be remembered, bearing many British passengers and much British merchandise, on seas that had for long been navigated by British ships and from and to ports which had been opened out by British pluck and British money.

"To that state of things, as I have indicated, we as a nation offered no obstacle whatever. To all traders was given an equal right, and it happened frequently that we, the people who had opened out a country at enormous sacrifice of life and wealth, were not the first to reap the reward of our enterprises.

"On the Atlantic that Power had the proud position of holding the record time for crossing that ocean—an honour which it had won in fair contest against the rest of the world's shipping and held in defiance of all attempts to recapture it. In other directions these maritime achievements were not less notable.

"Pause for one moment to picture what has come to pass. Those trade routes are no longer ploughed by her ships; her Atlantic supremacy has gone, her passengers and her merchandise have disappeared.

"In a word, those vast and splendid fleets have vanished, and vanished so completely that I believe I do not exaggerate when I say that there is not at this moment, on any trade route in the whole world, a single ship which flies the ensign of that nation which chose to be our enemy and whose avowed purpose was to wrest from us our position on the water. It is a position that is almost beyond belief, and yet, incredible as it is, that state of things exists. Those fleets, I say have disappeared."

There was an impressive pause.

"My Lords," continued the Foreign Secretary, "those fleets will not be again in existence in the lifetime of any member of this Upper House. That at any rate is one of the imperative lessons which this war has taught us.

"It will be expected that I shall say something, however brief, as to the terms we shall impose, not so much with the object of further crippling a defeated foe, but to ensure the peace of the whole world for a considerable number of years—I wish I could say permanently; but I fear that until the very nature of man is changed these colossal armanents must be maintained—aye, and as far as we as a maritime people are concerned, not only maintained but also strengthened to the utmost limit of our financial endurance.

"It is impossible to enter into detail at this early stage, but already our demands have been formulated and sent in, and as there can be no question as to the result of sending them, for we are resolute that nothing less shall be agreed upon in settlement, there can be no indiscretion in indicating them here.

"For all that we have materially suffered, loss of ships, loss of life—in so far as such a loss can be condoled by compensation—loss of trade in every form—for all these things the fullest compensation in the shape of an indemnity will be insisted upon.

"In other words, the cost of this war to us, to the uttermost farthing, must and shall be borne by the belligerent who forced the war upon us. That is the irreducible minimum so far as we ourselves are concerned.

"As to another matter on which I might have to say something, a sentence will suffice. That is with regard to the punishment or treatment of those who managed to effect a landing on our shores. There were those who succeeded, both troops and aliens, in escaping, and there are, of course, in all probability, in remote parts of the country, or possibly in hiding in the larger cities, refugees and deserters; but so far as the bulk are concerned, His Majesty's Government will not be called upon to act, because there are no known survivors of the invaders who are in a position to be dealt with. There are, it is true, wounded foes in our hospitals. These are, I need not say, receiving just the same care and attention as our own afflicted troops, and I know that I shall have the sympathy of the members of this House in intimating that it is probable that His Majesty will be advised to exercise his Royal clemency towards them and that, having suffered sufficiently, they will be permitted to return to their own country.

"On another aspect of the matter I can only touch in a word. Our gallant and loyal allies across the Channel will have it largely to themselves to say what their return and recompense shall be. I cannot say—although I feel assured that they will exhibit that magnanimity which is in keeping with their chivalrous nature in preparing their demands; but I do know, my Lords, that those demands will contain the irreducible minimum of the restoration of the lost and dearly loved provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

"Two outstanding lessons have been learnt from this cruel but mercifully short war. The first is palpable to the entire community. There is no party, no section of whatever politics, which can fail to recognise and agree with it—and that is, that there must be an all-powerful, ever-watchful British Navy, for never before has there been such abundant evidence of the saying that it is upon the Navy, in the good province of God, that our safety, wealth, and prosperity depend.

"As to the second lesson, it is equally vital; but I know that even now, with the slain amongst us scarcely buried, with the horrors of war visible on every hand, there are those who will not see it, and who indeed will deny that such a lesson has been taught.

"But at whatever cost personally I shall not hesitate to say what, in the opinion of His Majesty's Government, that second lesson is.

"It is, my Lords, that in some form or other which must be decided upon, universal military service in Great Britain is essential; and His Majesty's Government will at the earliest moment takes steps to the end that that lesson shall be put in practice."

From first to last of that impressive and memorable speech there had not been so much as a cheer.

Even when the Foreign Minister resumed his seat there was only one word heard, and that was a universal deeply-breathed "Amen!"

THE END.

Photo, Bolak.

John Dennis Harris, a boy of 14 years of age, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, Yarmouth, saw a boy struggling in the water. Without waiting to remove his clothes, he jumped in the river and succeeded in bringing him to the quayside. For his meritorious action he was presented with the Royal Humane Society's Diploma.

Honouring the Veterans.

Three hundred Chelsea pensioners, in their scarlet coats, made a vivid splash of colour among the audience at the Coliseum last Friday, when they witnessed a grand military tattoo by detachments of troops representing England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. With military punctuality the veterans arrived precisely at six o'clock, headed by the band from the Duke of York's School. The whole entertainment, from the man who juggled with soup-tureens to the American bioscope, was received by the old soldiers with enthusiasm, and at the conclusion of the programme, when the theatre orchestra and the Duke of York's School band struck up the National Anthem, the veterans smartly rose to "attention."

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

I really do not know what we are going to spend our money on in the days to come! What with free schools, free libraries, and free bands in the parks in the summer, there is not much left to provide, and now I see that the doctors are all being converted to the idea that we eat too much food. They say that the average man can keep himself fit on four herrings and a little bread and potatoes each day. It sounds a little monotonous, perhaps, but then, as they say at the tobacconists', "see what you save!"

It is a good thing to have a sense of humour, but sometimes it can be carried to excess. I think, for instance, that the Maidstone Guardians ought to feel rather ashamed of themselves in connection with the following paragraph, which I have read in a daily paper.

The report runs—"One of the 859 hoppers who were admitted to the Maidstone Casual Wards last Friday has lost a cat. Details are contained in the following letter, read at the Guardians' meeting yesterday: 'Dear Sir,—My wife was at the Casual Ward on Friday evening in last week, and on Saturday morning, when she was leaving, she lost her cat. She spoke to the man that was looking after the parcels about it, and he promised to look for her, and we have had her for so many years we should not care to lose her. So if she is there, would you let me know, and I will come and fetch it on Sunday next. It is a tabby.—I remain, yours, &c., H. Phillips.' The Master reported, amid laughter, that up to the present no trace of the missing animal had been discovered, but he had hopes of finding it."

I am glad that the Master hopes to find the poor woman's cat, and I really cannot see anything to laugh at. I think a poor woman who thinks of her pet—perhaps her children's pet—when she is so near to starvation that she is obliged to seek the shelter of the workhouse, should have been commended by the Guardians, and not laughed at.

At no period in the world's history have there been so many openings for ambitious young men as there are at the present time. To-day a boy who starts his life's work early in his "teens" and applies himself industriously and economically, makes the best use of his time and talents in every way, can be almost anything he likes.

Consequently a great deal has been written lately on the subject of success. All the great leaders of commerce have been appealed to, and they have each given their own advice as to the methods by which success may most surely be obtained. A weekly paper—I allude to *Smith's Weekly*—has specialised upon the subject, and is publishing a series of admirable essays on "The Secrets of Success."

But although many men start out in life with a full determination to achieve it, very few are quite clear in their minds regarding their own rendering of the term "success." What is your idea of it? Must you make much money? Must you achieve fame? Must you have a "good time"?

If you could not do both, would you rather achieve fame without money, or money without fame? Probably you do not know. You have never stopped to consider.

But it is good to stop and ponder over these things. It is no good working for an indefinite object. You must have a goal at which to aim. I should like you to sit down, if you have time, and let me have your views on this subject on a postcard.

Photo. Advance.

A plucky servant girl: For her courage in chasing and capturing a burglar who had stolen her employer's silver, Nellie Medhurst, a Wimbledon servant, was complimented by the Bench, and the burglar was sent to prison for two months.

I should like to really know the object in life at which the majority of my younger readers are aiming. I will gladly send a fountain-pen or a pen-knife, or some other small gift, to the half-dozen readers whose views on the subject are most interestingly expressed.

The soundest views on the subject which I have read so far are those of Mr. Charles E. Hughes, the great lawyer who has been appointed to conduct the official inquiry into the methods of American insurance companies. Mr. Hughes considers that success depends upon the individual. What would be success for one man would be failure for another.

He says:—"I regard a successful man as one who has utilised to its fullest extent the best ability in him. One man may have great ability as a money maker; then he would be successful when he had made much money. Another man may have ability as an artist; he is successful when he has won fame by his art. If a man leaves any one of his talents to lie idle he is not a successful man. Mere money making is a poor sort of success.

"There is a pleasure in achievement, there is an inspiration in work, and work well done will make a man contented with his lot. I believe in work, hard work, and long hours of work. I have never known a man to break down from overwork; it is the worries and the dissipations that cause men to break down; work alone will not do it, except in rare cases."

I wish once more to refer to quite a personal matter. Have you written to me yet? I want to hear from you. We have made many improvements in the paper recently, and I should like to know what you think of them, and whether you are recommending them to your friends.

Please remember that every new reader helps. Just think what you can do for me without a great amount of trouble. If every reader induces only one friend to take the paper we shall double our circulation. Will you do it?

But quite apart from any assistance you may give me, I am always glad to hear from any of my readers at any time. If you think you have any snapshots of your own taking which would be suitable for the paper, send them along, and I will pay you for them. If there is anything you want to know and can't find it in any reference books you have handy, write to me, and I will endeavour to answer your questions in the columns of the paper.

VALENTIA STEER.

Replies in Brief.

PARENT.—Yes, a child born at sea would be of the same nationality as the father.

D. T.—The Ambassador of France is said to be the most highly paid diplomatist, and receives a salary of £9,000 per annum.

FOOTER (Blackburn).—"Trotters" is the nickname of the Bolton Wanderers Football Club, presumably because they are wanderers. Some of the nicknames of the famous clubs are very interesting.

INQUIRER (Wimbledon).—Oakum is composed of the fibres of old ropes, which are cut up in strips and then picked to pieces. Oakum is of different qualities according to whether the original rope has been tarred or not.

FOOTLIGHTS.—The life of an actor is a wandering and uncertain one. He is in a "shop"—as an engagement is called—for perhaps three months, and probably out six. He has to put up with a lot of hardships, and, without exceptional talent and a good deal of luck, is never likely to become well known. I certainly should not advise you to adopt the stage as a profession.

W. T. (Leeds).—I think you are just about the right age to join the Navy, but you will certainly have to increase your chest measurement another inch or so. However, I should advise you to obtain from any Post Office a pamphlet entitled "How to Join the Navy," which, I think, will give you all the information you require. This pamphlet will not cost you anything.

INDIA.—The expenditure of the revenue of India is subject to the control of the Secretary of State for India in Council, who also conducts Indian business transacted in England. The administration of the native or feudatory states of India with few temporary or unimportant exceptions, is not under the direct control of British officials, but it is subject to the control of the supreme Government, which is exercised in varying degrees.

CIVILIAN.—Of all great nations, the United States of America has, in its peace time standing army, the smallest number of soldiers in proportion to extent of population, namely, one soldier to every 1,000 subjects. The opposite extreme, curiously enough, is reached by another republic—France—which has one soldier for every seventy-two of its population. Italy has one soldier to every 100 subjects; Germany one to 107; Austro-Hungary, one to 125; and Great Britain, one soldier to every 220 subjects. Belgium, having a population of not more than 7,000,000, has one soldier to every 130 inhabitants. Russia has one soldier to every 140 of its subjects; Japan, one to 350.

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Mr. H. ADAMS.
(*From a Photo.*)

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☛ **YOU CAN ENTER WITH THE PICTURES ON THIS PAGE.**

On this page will be found four riddles and their answers, represented in letters and pictures.

What you have to do is to discover the riddle and answer by reading the letters and pictures together.

Five more Picture Riddles and their answers will appear in "**PEARSON'S WEEKLY**," out next Friday, and five more every week for six more weeks until thirty-nine Riddles and their answers have appeared.

If you can't do them all, do as many as you can. Remember that other people are no cleverer than you, although your modesty may lead you to believe they are.

Solutions must be clearly written in ink in the space provided.

Only one solution is allowed under each Picture Riddle and its answer.

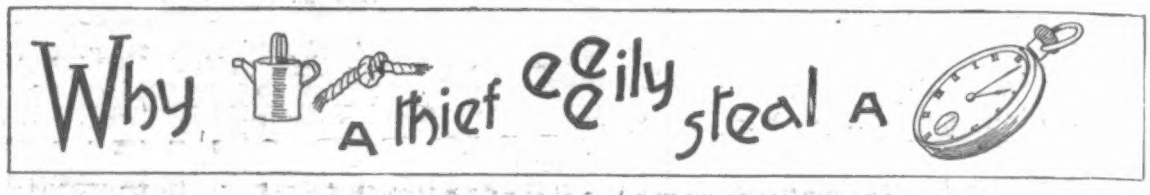
No alterations are allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

When you have found out and written down the Riddles and their answers, cut out this announcement and keep it by you. Then order from your newsvendor "**PEARSON'S WEEKLY**" for next Friday and the following six Fridays, in which you will find the remaining sets.

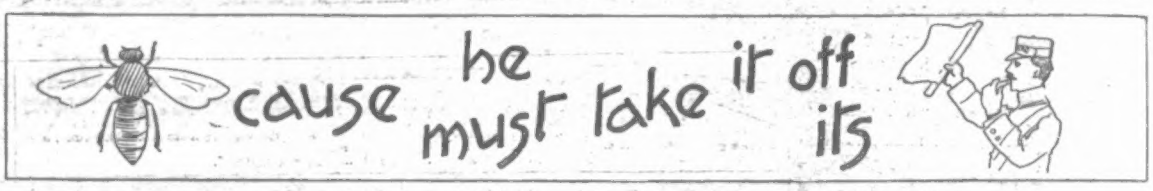
.....

The full conditions appear in "PEARSON'S WEEKLY," and all those who enter the Competition must abide by them. From them you will see that the big prize cannot be divided.

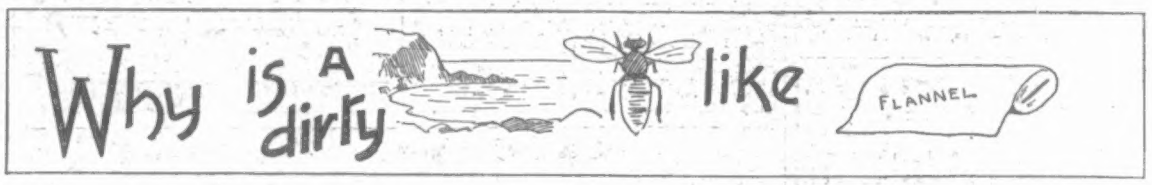
PICTURE RIDDLES—You may use these Pictures for the Competition.



1 Q. .....

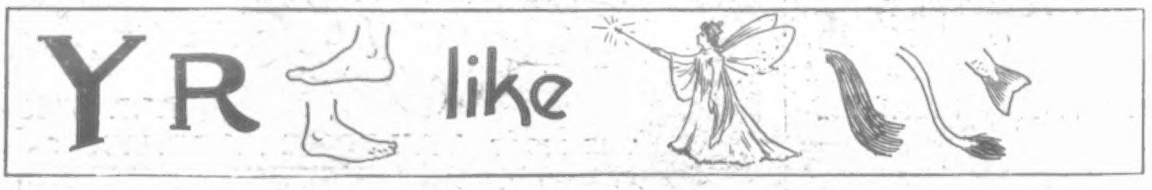


1 A. .....



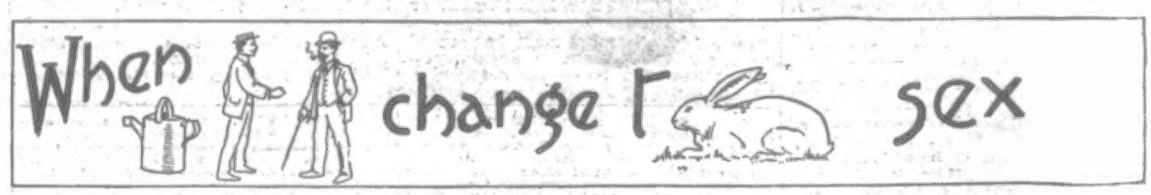
2 Q. .....

2 A. .....

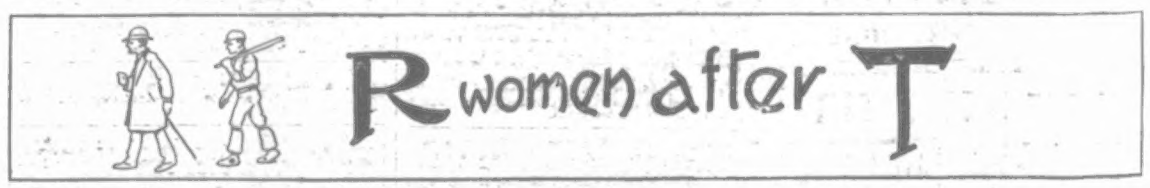


3 Q. .....

3 A. .....



4 Q. .....



4 A. .....

Name.....

Address.....

Don't send this sheet by itself. Get "Pearson's Weekly," out Next Friday.